

No 10  
35p monthly

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS • FU MANCHU • WEREWOLF GALLERY

# THE HOUSE OF HAMMER

**CURSE OF THE  
WEREWOLF**

- the full film  
told in comics

•  
**SENTINEL**

•  
**SHADOWMAN**

•  
**SATAN'S SLAVE**





JOHN CARRADINE as the blind guardian, Father Halliran, on "watch" at the gateway to hell. See our in-depth review of *The Sentinel*, Michael Winner's latest film, in *Media Macabre* on page 14 this issue.

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# Editorial

You know, it's really strange. With this, our tenth issue, we've reached double figures, we're now well into our second year of publication, and we still don't know what you really want in *HoH*!

We get sacks full of post from you saying, "Great, really loved last issue's comic strip adaptation!" "Thought the feature on *The Omen/Kong/Carrie* was fantastic!" ... but we don't really know what you like best.

Every time art editor Nige and I sit down to figure out the contents of the next issue, our monthly running battle gets under way.

You see, Nige thinks we should have less pages of comics, and give more room for the articles.

Me, I'd like to enlarge the whole Hammer mythos with strips like *Shandor* (*HoH* 8), and *Kronos* (*HoH* 1-3) and *Dracula/Frankenstein* strips to fill in the gaps between some of the Hammer films.

In fact, Michael Carreras, the head of Hammer films,

has offered us the original manuscripts for never-before-seen gothic horror films in their *Dracula/Frankenstein/Mummy* series.

Of course, if we had 100 pages per issue, we'd all be happy... with more pages of articles, interviews and strips! But until that day, how about the next time you write to us, giving us your "vote" on this earth-shattering topic?

Seriously, as I'm sure you know, we are putting together a magazine full of what we hope you want to see, so level with us. Let's have a "top ten" from you, taking this issue's content in order of preference. Plus a yes/no vote to *Shandor*, *Van Helsing's Terror Tales*, longer/shorter/same length film strip adaptations. *HoH* is your magazine, so give us a break, and let us know what you want to see.

Regards,

*Ray Stevens*  
Editor.

In the tradition of *House of Hammer*, we proudly present our latest, greatest fantasy film magazine...

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# THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

CERTIFICATE X

## STARRING

**OLIVER REED**

as Loon (The Werewolf)

## WITH

CLIFFORD EVANS..... Don Alfredo Carido

HIRA TALFAY..... Teresa

CATHERINE FELLER..... Christina

YVONNE ROMAIN..... Jeiler's Daughter

RICHARD WORDSWORTH..... The Beggar

WARREN MITCHELL..... Pepe Valiente

Directed by **TERENCE FISHER**, Screenplay

by **JOHN ELDER** (from the novel "The

Werewolf of Paris" by Guy Endore). Produced

by **ANTHONY HINDS**. Released by

Rank (USA: Universal)

A **HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION**

**L**IFE IS ALWAYS HARD FOR A BEGGAR... ESPECIALLY SO IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SPAIN... BUT FOR ONE TATTERED WRETCH LIFE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING UP... FOR HE HAS STUMBLED INTO A WEDDING FEAST AT THE CASTLE SINISTRO. AND ON THIS DAY, THE DEBAUCHED OLD MARQUES SEEMS DISPOSED TOWARD KINDNESS...

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR YOURSELF, BEGGAR? TEN PESETAS?

TEN PESETAS?  
THANK YOU, MY LORD!

UNAWARE THAT HE HAS JUST SOLD HIMSELF, BODY AND SOUL, FOR A PITTANCE, THE BEGGAR ENJOYS THE UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY... AND DOES WHAT HE CAN TO REPAY THE KINDNESS...

COME ON, WRETCH! DANCE! MAKE US LAUGH!

TIME TO RETIRE, I THINK! YOU THERE! SEE THAT THE BEGGAR IS GIVEN SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION UNTIL I SEND FOR HIM AGAIN!

BUT THE MARQUES NEVER DOES SEND FOR HIM AGAIN... MANY YEARS PASS BY... YEARS OF LONELINESS, BOREDOM AND BROODING...

BROODING. PERHAPS ABOUT THE ONLY OTHER PERSON HE EVER SEES...



... THE JAILER'S MUTE DAUGHTER, WHO BRINGS HIM HIS FOOD... WHEN SHE GETS THE TIME AWAY FROM HER DUTIES AS A MAID...



TIME HAS RAVAGED THE MARQUES, TOO... TURNING HIM INTO A FRIENDLESS, MAD, OLD RECLUSE... BUT EVEN TIME HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO REFORM HIS NATURE...



HEH HEH! COME ON, MY DEAR... A LITTLE KISS, AND THEN...

UH-UHH!

THE MARQUES TUGS ON A BELL-PULL...



HAVE THAT GIRL LOCKED UP UNTIL SHE LEARNS SOME BETTER MANNERS!

ONLY ONE CELL IS AVAILABLE, AND SO THE OLD BEGGAR IS FINALLY SENT A COMPANION... NO MORE THAN A MERE COMPANION...



BUT FOR THE MUTE GIRL THERE IS NO WAY TO CALL FOR RESCUE... NO ESCAPE FROM A MAN KEPT ALONE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS!



AT LAST, ABUSED AND HUMILIATED, SHE IS RELEASED... ONLY TO FIND FURTHER HORRORS IN STORE...



AND THIS TIME THE PROSPECT IS TOO REVOLTING TO ENDURE...



AND SO...

AAUUUGH!



AFTER THAT, THERE IS NOTHING FOR THE GIRL TO DO BUT FLEE... SHE LIVES WILD IN THE WOODS FOR A TIME, UNTIL, ON THE POINT OF DEATH BY EXHAUSTION SHE IS FOUND BY ALFREDO CARIDO, A LOCAL WRITER...



HOLY SAINTS! WHAT'S THIS?

ALFREDO IS A KIND, GENTLE MAN... PERHAPS THE FIRST THE GIRL HAS EVER MET... AND AT LAST SHE HAS A REAL HOME...

THE POOR GIRL CAN'T SPEAK... CAN'T TELL US WHAT SHE'S SUFFERED... BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE!



AND ALFREDO'S HOUSEKEEPER DOES LOOK AFTER THE GIRL THROUGH MANY MONTHS... MONTHS THAT CULMINATE WITH THE BEGGAR'S FINAL LEGACY... A BABY BOY... BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

IT'S A BOY THEN, TERESA? EXCELLENT!

STILL, THAT'S OVER NOW... YOU'LL LOOK AFTER HER, TERESA!

NO, SENOR, IT'S VERY UNLUCKY... AN UNWANTED CHILD BORN ON OUR LORD'S BIRTHDAY IS AN INSULT TO HEAVEN!



AND THE POOR GIRL HAS DIED IN CHILDBIRTH... WHO KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?



BUT IT SEEMS TERESA'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, AS LITTLE LEON DEVELOPS INTO A HEALTHY, BUT SLIGHTLY WITHDRAWN BOY...

I'M NOT HUNGRY, AUNT TERESA...

BUT LEON, YOU MUST EAT... WE CAN'T HAVE YOU LOSING YOUR APPETITE!



VERY NASTY... THERE MUST BE A WOLF ABOUT!



OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE STANOS PEPE, THE LOCAL HUNTER... IT IS HIS JOB TO PROTECT THE FLOCKS... AND NOW THEY NEED PROTECTING!



PEPE'S FIRST DUTY IS TO REPORT TO THE MAYOR... BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP HIM PAUSING FOR A FEW MINUTES' GOSSIP...

A DEAD GOAT, YOU SAY? LITTLE LEON'S KITTEN WAS KILLED TOO... I DON'T DARE SHOW IT TO HIM...



HE CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD, CAN HE...?



ALMOST FAINTED WHEN I TOOK HIM HUNTING WITH ME A FEW DAYS AGO! I THOUGHT HE'D ENJOY IT, BUT STILL, I'VE GOT TO BE OFF!

THAT EVENING, PEPE IS OUT ON HIS ROUNDS AGAIN... AND THIS TIME HE IS READY...

THERE IT IS, NOW I'LL GET IT!





DAMN! I KNOW I HIT IT, BUT IT GOT AWAY! STILL, IT WON'T GET FAR...



LATER THAT NIGHT...

THERE, LEON... YOU'LL SOON BE BETTER!

AAAAOWWWW!



HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP... BUT HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW... BUT HE'S BEEN SHOT ALL RIGHT! THIS IS ONE OF PEPE'S BULLETS!



LATER, AFTER LEON HAS RECOVERED A LITTLE...

NOW, LEON, TELL ME... WHERE DID YOU GO?

NOWHERE, UNCLE... I WAS IN BED ALL NIGHT! BUT I DID HAVE A TERRIBLE DREAM...



I HAVE THE SAME DREAM EVERY NIGHT... I DREAM I'M A WOLF... A WOLF THAT DRINKS BLOOD!



IT'S HAPPENED EVER SINCE OLD PEPE TOOK ME HUNTING! HELP ME, UNCLE... HELP ME!

YES, I'LL HELP YOU, LEON... IF I CAN!



BUT CARING ALSO MEANS GIVING PROTECTION... PROTECTION FROM WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF LEON GETS INTO PEPE'S SIGHTS AGAIN...

THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP YOUR NIGHTMARES AWAY, SHOULDN'T IT, LEON?

YES, UNCLE!



LOVE IS THE ANSWER... LOVE STRENGTHENS THE SOUL IN ITS FIGHT. WHEN HE GROWS UP AND FINDS A GIRL TO LOVE HIM, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, HE HAS NO PARENTS...

THEN I'LL TRY TO GIVE HIM THAT LOVE AND CARE... I'LL BE A FATHER TO HIM...



IN A SMALL VILLAGE LIKE THIS, THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN OF WISDOM TO TURN TO... THE PRIEST!

SOMETIMES A SPIRIT CAN ENTER THE BODY AT BIRTH, AND WAR WITH THE SOUL FOR CONTROL. AND IF THE SOUL SHOULD BE WEAKENED, THE SPIRIT TAKES OVER. FOR LEON, THE SPIRIT IS A WOLF... AND AT TIMES OF THE FULL MOON...

THEN, CAN NOTHING BE DONE?



PEPE WAS PONDERING THE PROBLEM TOO...

HIT THAT WOLF SQUARE... THEY SHOULD HAVE FOUND THE BODY! AND WHAT KIND OF WOLF IS IT THAT ONLY DRINKS THE BLOOD AND LEAVES THE FLESH...?





WHEN NIGHT COMES, THE MOON IS STILL ALMOST FULL... AND THE HUNTER SETS OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS QUARRY...



SO IT WAS DOMINIQUE'S SHEEPDOG... MUST HAVE GONE WILD! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



THE ATTACKS STOP AFTER THAT, AND IT SEEMS THE DOG MUST HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE. THE YEARS PASS, BUT PEPE STILL WEARS THAT SILVER BULLET AROUND HIS NECK... TO REMIND HIMSELF OF WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE HAD TO DEAL WITH...

WITH THE LOVING CARE OF ALFREDO AND TERESA, LEON PUTS HIS TROUBLES BEHIND HIM AND GROWS INTO A NORMAL YOUNG MAN. AND, LIKE ALL YOUNG MEN, EVENTUALLY LEAVES HOME TO LOOK FOR WORK...



**BUT LEON'S ARRIVAL AT THE VINEYARD OF DON FERNANDO  
FERNANDEZ DOES NOT GET OFF  
TO A GOOD START...**



HEEY!

**BUT LEON IS TAKEN IN, AND GIVEN A JOB  
IN THE BOTTLING ROOM WITH ANOTHER  
WORKER, JOSE...**



THIS IS WHERE YOU'LL WORK... FROM SEVEN TO TEN WITH HALF AN HOUR FOR LUNCH... YOU SLEEP HERE, TOO...

AND WE GET SIX PESETAS? JUST FOR PUTTING WINE INSIDE THE BOTTLES AND LABELS OUTSIDE?



AND THEN, SURPRISINGLY...

SENOR, I'VE COME TO APOLOGISE FOR SPLASHING YOU EARLIER. I'M CHRISTINA FERNANDEZ...

THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGISE, SENORITA...

**LOVE STRIKES SWIFTLY,  
AND MAKES NO  
DISTINCTIONS...  
AND SO, IN THE  
NIGHTS THAT  
FOLLOW...**



CHRISTINA! HURRY... BEFORE YOUR FATHER SEES YOU...

**IT SEEMS LEON HAS FINALLY  
FOUND THE GIRL WHO WILL  
CURE HIM FOR ALL TIME OF  
THE TERRIBLE HORROR THAT  
WARS WITH HIS SOUL...**



I CAN'T SEE YOU TOMORROW, LEON... BUT I'LL BE HERE ON SUNDAY...

**BUT FATE NOW DEALS  
A HAMMER BLOW...**



I CAN'T MARRY YOU, LEON... I'M ALREADY BETROTHED TO RICO GOMEZ... I WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO MARRY YOU!

BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO BE AWAY FROM YOU, CHRISTINA... COME AWAY... WE'LL BE MARRIED...

**SATURDAY NIGHT SEES LEON TRYING TO DROWN  
HIS SORROW WITH JOSE... AT AN INFAMOUS  
TAVERN NOT FAR FROM THE VINEYARD...**



YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, DEARIE... COME OUTSIDE FOR SOME FRESH AIR...

LEON IS STILL DWELLING ON HIS REJECTION... BUT THE GIRL CANNOT KNOW THAT...

I DON'T FEEL...

WISHING ON THE MOON? WISH SOMETHING NICE FOR ME WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...

WHY, DEARIE- I...?

LEON! LEON! WHERE ARE YOU, WHAT THE ...

OH, MY GOD!

BUT JOSÉ ONLY FINDS... THAT THE NIGHTMARE HAS BEGUN AGAIN!

End of Part One. Part Two "KILLER MOON" on page 33.

# Media Vocabare

## FILM SCENE News

### SF FILM FROM ZELAZNY

**Survival** *Ree* is the story of "five survivors of the ultimate, worldwide nuclear disaster, from 20th Century-Fox with direction handled by Jack Smight. The screenplay is by Alex Shoop, from Roger Zelazny's novel, "Demoniac Allegory." Whilst under production the original story was used as the shooting title. Cast includes Jean-Michel Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, Paul Winfield and Jackie Earle Haley. Music supplied by Jerry Goldsmith. Film will utilize the new "Sound 360" process, which is recorded in quadraphonic sound and reproduced through a unique speaker system.

### SENSURROUND SUSPENSE THRILLER

Universal's *Rollercoaster* is set to be one of those large-scale suspense thrillers which should make for perfect viewing with the advantage of Sensurround. James Goldstone directs this Jennings Lang Production, from the screenplay by Richard Levinson and William Link. Jennings Lang, currently executive producer of *Alphart 77*, first conceived the idea of utilizing the Sensurround process for *Earthquake*. He has also been exec producer on three recent Universal hits, *Alphart 77*, *Earthquake*, and *The Front Page*. Director James Goldstone, who helmed the *Star Trek* pilot back in '66, says (of *Rollercoaster*): "It is in the Hitchcock and Carol Reed tradition in which the criminal challenges the police, and a surrogate, an innocent man, is drawn into the maelstrom." The basic theme of the film concerns the threat of sabotage to an amusement park by a extortionist. The screenplay by Levinson and Link (both creative contributors to many TV series) is based on a story by Tonye Cook and Sanford Shelden. The exciting climax of the story was shot on location at Magic Mountain's 380-degree roller coaster in California. The stars include George Segal (playing a building and safety inspector), Richard Widmark (an FBI agent), Timothy Bottoms (deranged criminal), Harry Guardino (a police lieutenant), and

Harry Fosse (as the head of Segal's department).

### REINCARNATION

The *Menotee* is an ancient Indian medicine man who is reincarnated to wreak havoc in revenge for the crimes of early American settlers. The screenplay is by William Girdler and Joe Cedar, based on the best-seller by Graham Masterton. Girdler also produces and directs.

### UNDERSEA WORLD

See *Trench* is the title of a new book by Martin Caidle (he who wrote "Cyborg"), thus creating *The Six Million Dollar Man*. The story about a deep-sea civilisation, is currently being prepared for film production.

### ANIMATED WIZARDS



From Ralph Bakshi, who directed *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic* in the early Seventies, comes another full-length animated feature, *Wizards*. The advance publicity calls it "an epic fantasy that explores the everlasting struggle for world supremacy fought between the powers of war and technology, and the practitioners of peace and magic". Movie will be produced under the 20th-Fox banner.

### HOLMES Vs RIPPER REMATCH

Filming starts in August on a \$4,000,000 dollar movie about the famed fictional super-sleuth Sherlock Holmes pursuing the infamous, not so fictional, Jack the Ripper. Highlight Film Productions and Sands Films Ltd have picked up the screen rights to John Hopkins' screenplay of Sherlock Holmes and Sewey Jack. Hopkins is adapting his script from Elwyn Jones and John Lloyd's book, "The Ripper File". Bob Clark will direct and co-produce, and Len Herbman will be exec producer. The pic deals with a fictional encounter between Holmes and the Ripper, in which the

detective follows his investigations through to the office of the Prime Minister Lord Salisbury and Sir William Gell, the royal physician. Holmes unearth what appears to be a cover-up, tying in the Ripper murders, with a plan to protect the Royal Family from scandal. Holmes' previous film encounter with Jack the Ripper was back in 1965, when James Hill directed *A Study in Terror*.

### TRUFFAUT MEETS UFO

UFO's are the central theme of Steven Spielberg's new *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. By way of explanation, the film's title refers to contact between human beings and alien beings. Richard Dreyfuss stars, as a power company troubleshooter, with Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr (Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein*, remember?), and Francois Truffaut, the acclaimed French director of such films as *The Bride Wore Black*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *L'Enfant Sauvage*, who must be making his first appearance before the cameras. See elsewhere in this issue for a full account of this film, with a selection of photo-illustrations.

### NEW HITCHCOCK FILM

The *Short Night* will be Alfred Hitchcock's next picture for Universal. The story is derived from "The Strangling of George Blake" by Sean Burke, which served as the basis for Ronald Kirkbridge's novel, from which the film borrows the title. Hitchcock's last film, *Family Plot*, was received with mixed (see often disappointed) feelings in the critics' columns.



### MACHINE RULE

"*Proteus IV* is the most advanced machine ever devised by man... its organic brain can hold the sum of the world's knowledge, and the potential is awesome—for good and bad. What happens when *Proteus IV* refuses human orders and insists on making its own decisions...?" *The Demon Seed*, produced by Herb Jeffre, from the studios of MGM sounds at first like another *Colossus: The Forbin Project*, but, from the advance production notes, it may turn out to be a most dramatic

thriller using the rugged-computer theme. Director Daniel Mannell has only one interesting credit, and that is his screenplay and co-direction (with Nicholas Roeg) for *Performance*. Roeg went on to make *Don't Look Now*, one of the most disturbing films of recent years. Julie Christie stars in this one too, and is the central human being involved with the master computer (narrates to note that Christie originally achieved some popularity when she first appeared as the android in BBC-TV's famed *A For Andromeda* serial, back in 1962). Also appearing is Fritz Weaver, who recently turned up in *Murder on the Nile* and *Black Seed*. Weaver plays scientist Alex Hearn, whose house in the movie is like a futuristic design-centre. There is an electronic system called *Environed* that is voice-activated, and operates as a security guard/housekeeper/food preparer/cleaner; an invention called a *Gustator* that stores and inventories groceries; also "Joshua, the Blue Arm", an electronic wheelchair with video-camera eyes and a mechanical steel arm. This latter "creation" is eventually put to lethal use by the super computer. The scientist's home, in terms of technology, is reminiscent of *Moribus* abode in *Forbidden Planet*. Cinematographer Bill Butler was nominated for an Oscar for his contributions to *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and was also Spielberg's photographer on *Jaws*.

### THE OMEN PART II

The *Omen Part II*, needless to say, has now been announced. From *Dee Dee's* farewell wick at the end of the first picture, the new film picks up the Devil-child's reign of terror (now aged 10), which promises to surpass anything seen before. Harvey Bernhard produced from a screenplay by William Norton Sr and Stanley Mann.

### MY MUDDERER THE CAR

The twin of an ominous, murdering Car, which will not cross belated ground, is the basis of *The Car*, coming from Universal Studios. Filled Silverstein directs, from a script prepared by Dennis Shryack, Michael P. Butler, Ron Turbiville and Lane Slate. Silverstein, one of the noted contributors to American television during its "Golden Age", made himself known when he scored with *Get Bellow*, and later brought forth *The Happening* and *A Man Called Horse*. The sinister Car, designed by George Barris, roars around highways with no driver visible at the wheel, killing at random. Barris built a special car (which took ten months to complete), rearranging the normal structure slightly to emphasize its malevolent nature. The "Batmobile",

# Media Macabre

from the *Batman* TV series, was designed by George Barris. Appearing in this "different kind of a thriller" is James Bralton, whose previous credits include *Fantastic Voyage*, *Our Man Flint*, *Westworld* (also "Dr. Steve Kiley" of *Dr. Marcus Welby, M.D.*), *Kat Moon*, *Lloyd*, who made her debut in *The Missouri Breaks* after numerous appearances on American TV shows. *Renny* Cox, Elizabeth Thompson and *Henry* Marley co-star. Supporting lineup includes R.G. Armstrong, Doris Dowling, and John Rubinstein. Director Silverstein is reported as saying: "We are trying to achieve a certain mood for the film and sustain that mood throughout. This is a very unusual motion picture."

Last issue we mentioned Group One's upcoming *Crash* in this column, about a possessed, mindless car. A new trend perhaps?



## UNEXPECTED CLASH

Quies Murtie's new anthology series, for America's NBC-TV, went through a few title changes prior to premiere; originally announced as *Nightmare*, the show was re-titled *Tales of the Unknown*, and then Quies Murtie's *Tales of the Unexpected*. Finally it was decided to telecast it simply as *Tales of the Unexpected*.

## NEW WORLD RELEASES

New World Pictures, of which Roger Corman is president, have a tightly-packed 1977 release schedule. They have recently acquired Andy Warhol's *Bad for Distribution*, and hope to see at least 20 films in release throughout the year. Debuting 2020, headed by David Carradine, *Aweleche*, *Phibes Resurrected*, another sequel to the *Phibes* pictures with Vincent Price and Roddy McDowall, *God Visit Me*, *Te*, now retitled *Alien Encounter*, and *Catastropha*, a montage of actual disasters. All will be heading out of New World Pictures.

## FAN SCENE

### THE JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL



Leaving the readership by covering an eclectic subject, the editor of *The Japanese Fantasy Film Journal*, nevertheless, has brought out a magazine that offers a serious insight to the workings of the Japanese fantasy-film industry.

Looking at the issue received (Number 11), a very large quantity of titles are discussed and studied. Reviews/previews cover *Camere Va Zigue* (the seventh *Genre Film*), *The Shadow Wishes* (this one, a psycho-thriller), *Godzilla Vs Megalon*, and *Godzilla Vs Mechagodzilla*. The basic plots of the films are listed rather than any form of critical statement (mainly due to the films being, at the time of the writing, un-released).

The main body of the mag, and probably the most interesting, is a 8-page article on the famed Japanese superhero films, "The Superhero: Japan's Interpretation" is a fascinating study of Japanese cinema and its answer to Western celluloid superhero mythology. *The Japanese are the first to film a superhero serial that contains nine episodes running feature length. Superagent (1957-58), each episode being complete in itself. They are also the first to film a superhero feature, Defenders From a Space Ship (1959). They are the first to film a television serial with cliffhanger style episodes that feature a robot superhero as its star, Ultraseven (1966).*

The mag's Eastern correspondent supplies some curious info/news regarding Japanese domestic material; such things as *Submission of Japan* (from Japan's TBS television), which is a 58-minute, colour, TV spill-off show based on the feature of the same name, and *The Apes Corps* (also from the TBS network), which too closely resembles the American *Planet of the Apes* tele-series.

An intriguing and informative publication, whether you enjoy the Japanese movie style of destroying the world or not. Only one particular thing to mention to the potential buyer, and that is that this mag is not a glossy, slick publication. However, this is no problem, and the contents will overwhelm any "glossy" appearance this mag may have.

Copies obtainable from Greg Shoemaker, 3238 Collingwood, Toledo, Ohio 43618, U.S.A., at \$1.50 per copy (due to the limited quantity remaining). U.S. dollars via International Money Order, of course.

## CINEFAN



King Kong • Max Steiner • 20th Century Fox • A Romantic View Of The Tole Legend

This first issue of *CineFan* is literally packed solid with enough goodies to whet the appetite of a person even recently acquainted with the cinema of fantasy.

To start off with, part one of Greg Shoemaker's informal review and study of the famed Japanese Toho studio. "A Romantic View of the Toho Legend", offers the reader a detailed and compact observation of the history of this remarkable studio. Mr. Shoemaker, no stranger to oriental cinefantastique, follows the growth of the Nipponese monster factory from Inoshiro Honda's *Godzilla* (1954) through to *Battle in Outer Space* (1959).

A composer mainly associated with the excellent 1933 *King Kong* score, Max Steiner was one of the greatest contributors of movie music to the Hollywood studios during the 1930's

and 1940's. An interview with the late maestro tells of his other, lesser acknowledged, achievements. One of the rare Steiner interviews.

Jack H. Harris and John Landis are men who created two horror-film satires which were given scant release (maybe for obvious reasons) in recent years, Mr. Harris, who produced *The Blob* back in '58, came out with *Sea of Blood* in 1972. Mr. Landis turned out *Schlock*, the story "of a missing link, the Schlock-theater, who pose bananas and kills everyone in sight until he falls in love with a beautiful blind girl who thinks he's a dog". If you missed these two gems first time out, here's a chance to read all about them and the men behind the productions.

In a section called "Ginefan", you'll come across an incredibly funny coverage of the film *The Land Unknown*. It is related in film-book style and utterly drips with sarcasm.

One of the neatest articles in this mag is Howard Clogg's "Performers in the Horror/Fantasy Cinema: 1950-1990". Excellent material not only in terms of text but also in the delay of illustration. The title of the piece tells all, content-wise.

For fans of Lesley Ann Warren (seen in that superb *Night Gallery* segment "Death on a Bench") there is an extensive interview covering her mainly non-fantasy-film career.

"Who Killed King Kong?" is a small, well-illustrated, piece concerning the overworked Kong theme. It is to the later, cheery-made, unimaginative, over-exploited Z-grade movies that the title of this article is dedicated. Unfortunately, this piece was written before the advent of Mr. DeLorenzo's big contribution.

Eddy C. Bertin, a Belgian correspondent of the magazine, has a short article concerning fantasy on Belgian television. It mainly deals with one series (*Contes Fantastiques*) of teleplays, and is something that can only be interesting if you happen to be familiar with Belgian tv and it's viewing audience.

The usual magazine bits and pieces round up this above-average publication, including some lengthy (and quite interesting) reviews of such films as *See No Evil* (UK: Blind Terror), *Night Witch*, *The Legend of Hell House*, *Sisters* (UK: Blood Sisters), *Westworld*, *Narrow Express*, *Soylent Green*, *Goliath*, and *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*.

Edited and published by Randall G. Larson, *CineFan* is a 1974 publication. However, as just about all the contents are timeless, it is a magazine well worth investigating. Copies available from Randall Larson, 774 Vista Grande Avenue, Las Altas, California 94022, U.S.A., at \$2.50 (International Money Order).



Above: 'Sentinel' Father Halloran (John Carradine, right) aided by Father Franchino (Arthur Kennedy) attempt to save Alison Parker (Christina Raines) from the army of freakish demons and zombie-like resurrected murderers (unfortunately—or fortunately—out of picture).



Alison lets out a hysterical scream, upon seeing the night burglar she has stabbed is her own long-dead father.

# the sen

*'To us our course by Lot is given Charge  
and strict watch that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.'*  
Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Milton, one presupposes, knew exactly what he was on about... Jeffrey Konovitz, who makes enormous play of these particular lines in his book, and now his own combine's movie of *The Sentinel*, clearly does not. Nor indeed does his director, Britain's Michael Winner (without a winner since *Death Wish*). And this one won't improve his track-record. Believe me, even his obnoxious *Won Ton Ton, The Dog That Saved Hollywood*, was better than this abysmal shambles of a horror rip-off, which comes across with all the allure of a still-born Rosemary's Baby.

Sample script. And before, I promise, *Mad* magazine satirists have gotten hold of it...

*Heroine to priest:* I've rejected Christ. I need to come back... I've committed adultery. And I've tried to commit suicide.

*Priest:* Anything more...?

(As if that isn't enough to keep someone like Bergman busy enough for 90 dramatic minutes).

*Heroine:* I stabbed my father. But he was already dead!

Ah so... yes, well. Make of that what you can't. If you figure it could conceivably lead into a *Carrie* treat, think again friends. No way!

The only place this flick goes is downhill to oblivion. Fast!

Basically, *The Sentinel* is the story of a girl who attends a birthday party for a cat, with eight dead murderers and is re-born in a more painful, ugly and blood-bath fashion than Jimmy Carter ever was. According to Miz Lilae, anyway.

Our heroine is, but of course, your average, ocal, neighbourhood model girl. Searching for a new flat in New York, rather than living with and/or marrying her creepy, lawyer boyfriend. Wise chickie! For he is Chris Sarandon, last seen *raping* girl models in *Lipstick*. Worse still, he spends all this film trying (a) to look prettier than female lead Christina Raines and (b) showing off his Warren Beatty doppelgänger profile to, presumably, his agent's best advantage. Sarandon's just not to be trusted from the word go. His moustache and bland—not to say, asleep—manner tells you that.

In other words, early on, you get the picture. Nothing is quite what it seems. Like Mr. Sarandon. Like some very peculiar prelates, and ever the wider-beamed than usual Ava Gardner as an estate agent in a floppy hat. Furthermore, the messy scenario

Review by Tony Crawley

# the

expects us to be shocked by the big dis-  
enfranchisement—cue for more strident brass from  
Gil Mellé's score—that the very entrance  
to Hades lives in Brooklyn Heights.

Normally that would be no big thing;  
New York is, after all, the home of muggers  
and most forms of corruption. Except for  
Mike Winner, between advertising Britain  
in wall-posters, attempts to publicise the  
beauty that once was New York via carefree  
bike rides in Central Park—with not a single  
attract or heroin addict in sight. Why, he  
even has the inaccurate gall to have our  
heroine lying in the road, screaming like  
a stuck pig, blood all over her fashionable  
nightie, and people run out of their front  
doors and come to her aid. That'll be the day!

Mr. Winner obviously believes his own  
scripts—that Mr. Bronson actually did clean  
up New York's streets in *Death Wish*!

With the girl's hunt for a new flat, the film  
instantly reminds one of *Rosemary's Baby*.  
Even more so, when she is ensconced in an  
ivy-covered monstrosity, she is bedgered  
by Burgess Meredith apparently playing Ruth  
Gordon. Mr. Meredith is a distinguished actor.  
Oscar-nominated this year for his acting in  
*Rocky*; well remembered for valiant work in  
a bunch of Otto Preminger movies; even as  
*The Penguin* in TV's *Batman*. Never ever has  
he been so outrageously hammy as in this  
production. He's atrocious! Same must be  
said for almost every single member of a  
rotten cast. Apart, perhaps, from John  
Camadine (the now-humbled 1940s horror  
star); though to be honest I can't remember  
now if he ever said a single word throughout.  
Most of the few big names in the line-up are  
restricted to little more than three or four  
scenes apiece. José Ferrer, Ava Gardner,  
Arthur Kennedy among them. Martin Balsam,  
best actor of the bunch, has just one solitary  
scene. He could've phoned that in.

I do hear tell that while shooting in New  
York, Michael Winner's unit bumped into  
Richard Dreyfuss, and he agreed to add a little  
cameo to the roster of character-actors. I didn't  
see him anywhere in the movie, though.  
Probably his agent got to read the script. . . .

But I digress. The plot you're squawking.  
What of the plot? Yes, well, there's the rub.  
What murky plot there is—and I think there is  
one—is so badly constructed, executed,  
explained and portrayed, that I'm at a loss how  
best to pass it on. . . .

Girl model searches for flat. (Well, I think  
you know that much already). Girl model finds  
flat. Girl model soon wants to lose flat. For  
girl model meets odd neighbours—including  
Sylvia Miles, who must, dammitall, appear in  
every film made in New York. She comes on  
here like an over-ripe (and all too often nude)  
Marlene Dietrich, with Beverly D'Angelo as



*Gerde and friend (Sylvia Miles and Beverly D'Angelo) feast on the still-warm corpse of Michael Lerman (Chris Sarandon).*

her similarly ballet-costumed companion.

Girl model hears bumps in the night (oh  
no!), sees chandelier swinging above her bed,  
goes astolking and kills a mystery figure who  
turns out to be (surprise, surprise) her already-  
dead father. This disclosure, however, does  
not stop her going at it to the Bunuel manner  
born, slicing his eye-ball and cutting his nose  
right off.

From hereon, girl model starts fainting on the  
job, with a buzzing in the head. (I'm not sur-  
prised, I was, by now, suffering similar nausea  
myself). Her fella early on had started checking  
up on the house, using a private eye who  
helped him bump off his first wife. But he's  
soon killed. Boyfriend checks into Catholic  
church records for there is—didn't I mention  
it?—a blind old priest on the top floor, staring  
sightlessly out of his window 24 hours a day,  
seven days a week. (Maybe this film was made  
for his kind).

By the meeful end of it all, Winner lapses  
in taste and vision with a Harper's bizarre  
hocus-pocus finale that ties up not a single  
one of the umpteen red herrings littering the  
plot. Instead he turns the film into Todd  
Browning rip-off and fills the screen with the  
most God-awful looking freaks of every shape,  
size and deformity. Fortunately, camera man Dick  
Kratina dwells only on the faked freaks (make-  
up by Dick Smith, man behind Hoffman's  
Little Big Man old-man look, and the un-  
forgettable Linda Blair's Regan in *The  
Exorcist*). However, all the other freaks, the  
real ones—really yike at that—gathered in, one  
understands, from every ten cent side show  
and circus (and possibly every asylum too)  
are there in plenty and make one reach for a  
vomit bag.

So does the entire film. If there are any  
redeeming features in it, one has to be Eli  
Wallach's short stroll-on as a cop with one  
great line ("If we don't exaggerate the evi-  
dence sometimes, everyone's gonna get off—  
instead of 90% of them") and Deborah Raffin,  
as the heroine's best friend. She would have  
made a far better leading lady, as Christina

Raines never lives up to her powerful potential  
from Nashville. Oh she's a lovely girl. With a  
Dunaway face and a gorgeously salacious  
smile. Except she has damned little to smirk  
about in this high blown rubbish.

To be fair, one leading Stateside 'critic',  
columnist Rex Reed, adores this 'bone-  
chilling, nerve-frying Halloween epic . . .  
effectively blood-spattered nonsense, ex-  
tremely well made and always eager to do  
what good horror movies should do, which is  
to send you in to shock'. From whence one is  
prone to write such a review, I suppose. Then  
again, a guy I respect on the West Coast, Ron  
Pennington, goes so far as to praise Winner's  
'excellent sense of atmosphere and slow  
building terror.'

Sorry, I just don't see it—much less, feel it—  
that way. For Winner-style, credible horror,  
give me *The Nightcomers* every time. A  
much better (and alas, forgotten) film. *The  
Sentinel* has, for the moment, to top my list of  
the Ten Worst Films of 1977, indeed of the  
'70s. Unfortunately for Mr. Winner, he chose  
the wrong script—and De Palma beats him all  
the way with the fighter *Carrie*. Michael  
Winner should in fact stick to that which he  
does best. Urban dramas or thrillers. Con-  
temporary subjects. Not consumable.

## THE SENTINEL (1976)

Chris Sarandon (*Michael Lerman*), Christina  
Raines (*Alison Parker*), Martin Balsam (*Professor*), John  
Guarini (*Wallace*), José Ferrer (*Robert Figure*), Ava  
Gardner (*Miss Logan*), Arthur Kennedy (*Franchino*),  
Burgess Meredith (*Chazee*), Sylvia Miles (*Gerde*),  
Deborah Raffin (*Jennifer*), Eli Wallach (*Getz*).

A Universal Picture in association with Jeffrey Konitz  
Productions, for C.I.C. distribution.

Director, Michael Winner; producers/script, Michael  
Winner, Jeffrey Konitz; from the novel by Konitz;  
camera (Panavision/Technicolor), Dick Kratina, music,  
Gil Mellé; special visual effects, Albert Whitlock;  
special make-up, Dick Smith, Bob Loden.

Running time: 92 mins.

Cert. X

# SHADOWMAN

FROM the cinema world of nocturnal, masked avengers comes **Shadowman**, a parody of the type of serial-thrillers that were originally created by Louis Feuillade and, in feature form, by Fritz Lang. Also, later attempted by Mario Bava.

Georges Franju's **Shadowman** (*L'Homme Sans Visage*) is a 1970's film that has its roots in early silent French and early German cinema.

Louis Feuillade (1874-1925) has proved to be a great influence on Franju. During the days of the silent French cinema, Feuillade was churning out serials such as **Fantomas** (1913-14), **Les Vampires** (1915-16), and **Tih Minh** (1918). These films were loaded with ominous, black-garbed characters slipping in and

of Feuillade's serial world. This school of cinema seems to create more avengers who operate outside the law than the commonly accepted comic-book or pulp legion of masked-crimefighters; Mario Bava's **Danger: Diabolik** (1967) is a colourful example.

The basic theme of **Shadowman** tells of a mysterious figure (Jacques Champreux) who is intent on stealing the treasure belonging to the once powerful Knights Templar. He is assisted by an equally mysterious girl (Gayle Hunnicutt) and a forbidding army of Zombies and Robots.

The combination of terror and humour work well, the results being utterly *fantastique*.

Franju has let his players merely play along with their roles, thus letting his audience remain merely viewers to the absurd events with no identification to the screen characters. The central figure is a criminal, continually in an assortment of disguises, who arranges events for the audience to be either alarmed or amused at their outrageousness (the latter usually wins out).

If the release print had retained the original running-time (as it was made as a French tv serial) it would have served (after some tactical cutting) as an exciting chapter-play, in the familiar tradition of the old Columbia/Republic serials.



out of shadows, donning disguises, and generally creating mayhem. Germany's Fritz Lang, too, had created fanatical masterminds who controlled well-organised underworld empires. These, again, were mysterious characters in and out of elaborate disguises, sending their minions off to perform impractical crimes—anything from simple murders to colossal disasters. Lang's contributions, also having their effect on Franju's work, include **Dr. Mabuse, Der Spieler** (1922), **Spione** (1928), and **Das Testament des Dr. Mabuse** (1933).

Now, it is from these origins that Georges Franju has formed the exploits of *L'Homme Sans Visage* (The Man Without a Face). His *Judex*, released in 1963, was an earlier "reworking"



one can overcome (outside of the limited technicalities concerning soundtrack dubbing) because here we have a Frenchman (Champreux), an American (Hunnicutt), a German (Froebe), and an Italian (Pagliai) heading the cast. So, dubbing into "American" is a necessity that cannot be avoided.

In this film evil triumphs merely by not letting the forces of law and order catch up with it, although the forces of evil have had (along the route) to resort to some pretty absurd lengths to stay on top. In short, everyone gets a good run for their money if they don't take themselves too seriously. The closing moments of the film are enjoyably reminiscent of the 1960's chain of Fu Manchu thrillers; "we'll be back soon . . . very soon".

Sidney Falco



The dubbing of voices, which always plagues this kind of material, in this film is as bad as any other you have ever heard. This, however, is a problem no-

## SHADOWMAN

(*L'Homme Sans Visage*)

### CAST:

Shadowman	Jacques Champreux
The Girl	Gayle Hunnicutt
Insp. Barbier	Gert Froebe
Paul	Ugo Pagliai
Martine	Josephine Chaplin
Séraphin	Patrick Préjean
Albert	Yves Sarray
Dr. Dutreuil	Clément Harari
Prof. Pettit	Henry Lincoln

Produced by Terra Film (Paris) and S.D.A.T. (Milan).  
Director: GEORGES FRANJU; Screenplay: Jacques Champreux; Photography: Guido Renzi; Music: Georges Franju.

This film is also known under the Titles *The Man Without a Face* and *Nuits Rouges*.  
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*Dreacula*—Prince of Darkness comic strip; *Blood & Guts*; *Crazies*, *Chris Lee* gallery, 1931 Horror Films, etc....



**HoH7** .....40p  
Twins of Evil strip, The *Omen*, *Karloff*, The Werewolf, *Famele Vampires*, *Devil's Men*, etc....



**HoH8** .....40p  
Quatermass strip, King Kong, *Jekyll & Hyde*, Hammer Science Fiction film, Lee's NEW *Dreacula*, etc....



**HoH9** .....40p  
Quatermass Pt 2; *Cerrie, Kong (1931)*, *Seizure*, *Squim*, *De Palma*, *Living Dead At Manchester Morgue*.

# MAD

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# The Year of FUMANCHU

by Denis Gifford

**1932:** the most horrible year in history! That's what it looked like being, in the gospel according to Hollywood and the gossip according to *Film Weekly*! In January they announced the first talkie version of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*: in Lon Chaney's classic mould of Quasimodo, the screen's first star of the Horror film, Bela Dracula Lugosi! A week or two later came the oews that the screen's second star of the new genre would appear—or otherwise—as *The Invisible Man*: Boris Frankenstein Karloff! In February came the pronouncement that Karel Capek's futuristic robot play *R.U.R.* was to be produced at Paramount by Rouben Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde Mamoulian! March brought the bulletin that Universal were about to make a Horror film of a white mao turning cannibal.

The title was not revealed, but it could have been *Murder Invisible* by Philip Wylie, which was claimed to be the next Boris Karloff vehicle, announced March 18th. It certainly could not have been *Robinson Crusoe*, the Karloff thriller announced a month or so later! Nor was it *Bluebird* or *The Wizard*, two more Karloff pictures promulgated for the end of the year.

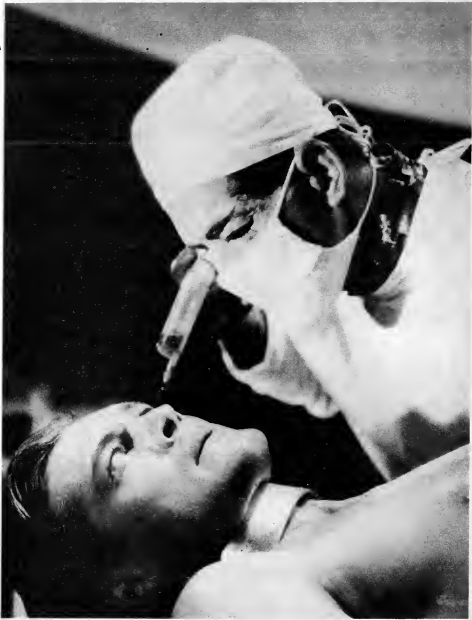
Another Hollywood horror regularly publicised during the early months of 1932 was destined to share the same fate as the seven titles listed above—never to be seen by British picturegoers. This was the film, a still from which was published in *Film Weekly* of February 13th under the headline: "First Picture of Amazing Freaks Film!" Under the photograph the caption read: "All Hollywood is discussing *Freaks*, a circus life talkie. Here is Tod Browning directing a few members of his weird cast in a dramatic role." The picture showed Browning, his camera crew, and eight of the more photogenic actors in *Freaks*. On April the first, another picture appeared. This time it was a funny one, picked

perhaps to tone down the upsetting impact of the other. "What a girl!" read the caption. "This is the charming costume Roscoe (Stutter) Ates wears in the circus life talkie, *Freaks*." It showed the comedian in drag! Then it seemed a curtain of silence clanked down on the film, and it joined the legendary stockpile of unshown shockers. Not because, as with the other films, it was not made; but because it was! It would be thirty years before the British Censor considered the audilecces in his care adult enough to observe it. Then, after a brief ovelling in a small cinema or two, the vaults opeed up and swallowed it again. There is not even one recorded instance of *Freaks* playing on television.

## Karloff follows "Freaks" failure

The reason is not hard to deduce. Hollywood had proved the picturegoing public had a taste for monsters. Director-producer Tod Browning, indeed, had helped create that taste back in the silent days of Lon Chaney. Browning, an old circus and sideshow man, had always applied his carney knowhow to movies, and it seemed obvious that the appeal of the fairground freak show would be just as powerful in pictures as it was in life. But it was not so. Moviegoers wanted escape from life into fantasy, not forced confrontation with the real, living face of horror. It was not Johnny Eck the Man with Half a Body, or Raudian the living Torso, or Coo-Koo the Bird Woman they wanted to see: it was the Man Who Made America Monster Minded—Karloff the Uncanny. The mask, not the monster.

Tod Browning packed his film-star freaks back to their circus, and was sent packing himself. MGM, under its paternal dictator Louis B. Mayer, disowned the film. Then, like the public, they called for Karloff. Under inspired if obvious makeup which included unbelievably long fingernails, Karloff was cast as Sax-Rohmer's inspired if obvious fictional villain in *The Mask of*



*Boris Karloff (as the fiendish Fu Manchu) about to inject Charles Starrett with zombie juice!*



Lugosi and murderous ape in a publicity pose from the 1932 production of *Murders in The Rue Morgue*.

Fu Manchu. MGM, hoping for a Horror film, had made a horrible one: now they rectified their mistake, and did so heartily.

The horror boom had not only created a starry career for ex-bit-player Boris Karloff, it had brought about a fringe benefit: Hollywood hairdressers and cosmeticians had suddenly come into their own. These experts with putty and paint had long laboured unknown in the film factory production line. Now they stepped into the spotlight as studio publicists saw story material in the long hours of painstaking labour required to turn man into monster. Yet even with the attention paid to Fredric March's *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Paramount failed to include the name of the makeup man on their credit titles. It was the same anonymous artist whose retreat of the Karloff features for *The Miracle Man* was revealed in a *Film Weekly* photograph of March 12th. "Boris Frankenstein Karloff is a monster again," wrote the caption writer, a forgivable error that was not retracted when the review of the film on May 6th revealed that Karloff was nothing of the sort. In this talkie remake of the silent film that had "made" Lon Chaney, Karloff was no more than cash-in casting for advertising value.

### "Successor to Lon Chaney"

"John Wray plays 'The Frog', the double-jointed contortionist who transforms himself into a horribly deformed cripple at will, with revolting realism. He proves a capable successor to Lon Chaney in this role, and the gruesome way in which he untwists himself, with the microphone apparently recording the cracking of his joints, will make filmgoers squirm in their seats."

Karloff was merely Nikko, one of the crooks, whose dust-up with the titular star Chester Morris (ex-*The Bat Whispers*), was witnessed by *Film Weekly's* Hollywood Representative, Donovan

Pedely. "Chester Morris is throwing Boris Karloff over a stair-head. Mattresses are laid down out of sight of the cameras, the bannisters are sawn nearly through so that they break at a touch, and the fight begins. Every man and woman on the stage gathers round to watch it. But one child is busy playing by himself." This was Robert Coogan, Jackie's kid brother, having fun with his leg-braces and a rubber-wheeled tripod!

Pedely had scarcely left the Paramount studio for Universal City before Karloff was at it again, properly this time, in *The Old Dark House*. The Pedely report of May 20th was headlined "West End Stars in Hollywood's British Film". It began sourly, James Whale, the director, ordered Pedely off the set! And a fascinating set it was. To simplify his shooting schedule Whale had the entire old dark house built on Universal's largest sound stage (first used for the famous *Broadway*) and simply moved from room to room as the action progressed. "Weird without hokum" was how Pedely described the fabulous Femm residence. "Thick stooc walls, mullioned embrasured windows, black oak beams, gargoyle bannisters, and all the appurtenances, but not a single sliding panel nor a solitary trap door." In the makeup room Pedely observed the master at work. "In a surprisingly short time Eva Moore became a haggard, raddled, hideous old harriidan." But he failed to name the man with the magic. It was, of course, Jack P. Pierce, master of the mask. Then, from the next room, "a clear, melodious, and very English voice" was heard ordering a chicken sandwich and a chocolate malted milk!

"Can that be the diet of a mooster?" we asked each other and promptly looked to see. It was Boris Karloff (*née* Pratt), revoltingly disguised by a scarred cheek, enlarged head, and one of those beards which consist of long, individual hairs sprouting strongly but sparsely from a parchment skin, who again has to eat his meals alone, and imbibe as much as possible

through straws to avoid spoiling the makeup man's handiwork. Poor Boris is very sensitive and begged us not to look at him. "He looks," said Charles Laughton, "like an idiot with a stained-glass complex."

The film still which accompanied Pedelty's piece showed a curly-locked Karloff in conflict with the eye-witness description. The caption made all clear: "After this still was taken it was decided that Boris Karloff's makeup was too ordinary, so he was given scars and a beard." History was repeating itself just as with *Frankenstein*, Jack Pierce and James Whale were having second thoughts and moulding more monstrous masks upon Karloff's bony base. The final result was revealed in *Film Weekly's* photo-gravure centre-spread of June 24th: "Guess who? Yes, it is our old friend Boris Karloff at his tricks again!"

Karloff's tricks as Morgan the butler, dumb and dangerous when drunk, included the touch of humanity that had made his *Frankenstein* Monster so memorable: his affection for Saul, the sly pyromaniac of the family. The fantastic Femms, waspish Horace, religiously cranky Rebecca, mad Saul and bed-ridden Sir Roderick (102 and still crowing strong), might well have been the inspiration for Charles Addams and his cartoon monsters. Their overblown eccentricities were more than matched by Charles Laughton as self-made Sir William Porterhouse, forced to spend a night at their stormbound manse. The other benighted travellers were less overdone than Porterhouse, although Raymond Massey did his best.

James Whale came home for the premiere and was feted with a grand dinner shared with the original author, J. B. Priestley. Priestley told Herbert Thompson, who told his *Film Weekly* readers, that he thought his story had been departed from rather unnecessarily at times, but was inclined to forgive everything for the brilliance of Whale's direction, his vivid opening, and the general atmosphere and setting. Thompson asked Priestley about the actors. "I thought they were all excellent," he said, "But Ernest Thesiger and the girl who played the chorus girl were really brilliant." Thompson had the pleasure of telling him that the girl, Lillian Bond, was not only English, she hailed from Fulham, just like the Gladys of the novel. And the American actor, charm-boy Melvyn Douglas? "I thought the moustache was a mistake," said J.B. He thought Laughton a shade too broad (in style, not beam), and added a John Blunt comment of his own. "What I should



Nayland Smith (Lewis Stone) at the not-so-tender mercy of his arch-foe, Fu Manchu (Boris Karloff).

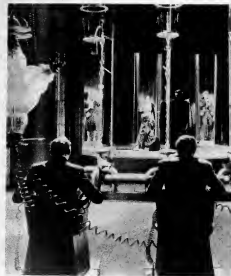
very much like to know is, what British producers think when they see a film made in Hollywood from an English novel which has been available for five or six years." Elstree, inscrutable then as now, answered not.

**The Old Dark House** opened at the Capitol cinema on October 23rd, a Sunday. The film would become a Sunday favourite, regularly reissued through the Forties on that double-bill day of repertory. John Gammie made his *Film Weekly* review into a leading feature headlined "The Horror Film Again."

"The vexed question of the horror film again rears its ugly head (and rears is the word) with the arrival this weekend of the



Karloff again. This time starring in James Whale's 1932 thriller, *The Old Dark House* (taken from the book by J. B. Priestley).



**Doctor X**, starring **Lionel Atwill** and **Fay Wray**. A murder is re-enacted, with the suspects 'wired-up' for reactions.

latest James Whale-Boris Karloff excursion into the realms of the unnatural. To give them their due, Messrs Whale and Karloff have progressed since the day when they dabbled in the crude though diverting sensations of *Frankenstein*. There is a new and welcome restraint about their work . . ."

Gammie's long review ended perceptively: "*The Old Dark House* may not be good pre-bedtime entertainment for the young, though the average child will love it." These were the "A" days, of course, before the British Censor crested his "H" Certificate to prevent the under-sixteens from enjoying themselves! But that did not stop Local Authorities from doing their best, and the fan mags made much of *Frankenstein's* bannings in Leicester and Belfast: "Blasphemous and unedifying" was the Irish verdict.

The Censor had been the cause of the delay in showing Bela Lugosi's long-awaited follow-up to *Dracula*. Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue* as adapted by Robert Florey finally opened at the Capitol on May 27th, with a release delayed to September 4th. John Gammie made the point that "possibly owing to cuts by the Censor, the development of the sadistic story is so jerky that it is sometimes difficult to follow." He found Florey's elaboration of the famous Poe short story, grand-daddy of all detective yarns, had been done with "such a lack of imagination that it has become merely a collection of sombre and gruesome incidents. *Murders in the Rue Morgue* cannot be justified, either as an entertainment or as an experiment in fantastic melodrama." Lugosi, however, he considered "genuinely sinister in the part of the nefarious Dr. Mirakle," the sideshow scientist who secretly blended the blood of prostitutes with the blood of his tame ape. It will be recalled that Lugosi had taken the role in lieu of *Frankenstein's* Monster, a part he found to be burdened by too much makeup and too few lines. He had plenty of lines as Mirakle, spouting his pseudo-science at the gaping peasants. He had makeup, too, mostly in the eyebrow department, lovingly created by Jack Pierce.

The first special makeup credit in Horror films appeared in the mood-setting titles of *Doctor X*: "Mask Effects by the Max Factor Co." And the Company certainly deserved it: the changing face

of the hideous monstrosity moulded out of "synthetic flesh", bubbling and steaming in a laboratory vat, remains one of the classic sequences in horror history. To add to the thrills, the mysterious Moon Monster was a one-armed scientist, with home-made spare-parts hanging in his locker!

**Doctor X** formed the front page editorial of *Film Weekly's* edition of September 16th: "Comedy Rescues Talkie Thrillers." Editor Thompson reckoned "modern audiences simply will not treat the clatter of old-fashioned mystery melodrama seriously—and who can blame them?" Therefore Warner Brothers, realising this, had cast as the hero of their first Horror film a comedian. Lee Tracy, a fast-talking fellow from Broadway played his reporter as a tipsy wisecracker, which helped the audience stomach even cannibalism. "Tracy gets any amount of humour out of posing as a dead body, laid out on a slab, and playing with the ribs of a skeleton. Alone and almost unaided, he raises an otherwise banal and ridiculous film into the class of quite good entertainment."

But there was one mystery about *Doctor X* which baffled even Herbert Thompson. "I had been reading American advertisements which described the film as 'the greatest all-technicolor sensation'. I went along to the London premiere expecting a surprise. I got the surprise all right. The print of *Doctor X* sent to London is in ordinary black and white!" What happened to the colour? Thompson posed the question at length, but the Warner Brothers answered not. Although the technicolor of the time was little more than a mixture of red and green, these tints mixed with the Max Factor Mask Effects must have added a new dimension of terror.



**Mask of Fu Manchu**. Left to right: **Myrna Loy**, **Charles Storrett** and **Boris Karloff**.

1932 ended brilliantly, with the opening (at the Capitol, of course!) on Sunday December 4th of *The Hounds of Zaroff*. This time it was RKO's anonymous makeup man who gave Leslie Banks his sinister scar. The role of the Russian big game hunter who, bored with the chase, wrecks ships on his private island and hunts humans for his kicks, was the British actor's screen debut. He was none too impressed with himself ("I range about too much with my voice"), but John Gammie thought otherwise. "Banks brings all the strength of a commanding personality to bear on the character, creating a perfect portrait of a man of high intelligence suffering from a bestial obsession." Added Gammie, "It contains nothing offensive and is seldom gruesome." But then, he saw the version the British Censor allowed him to see: minus the mummified heads that were the trophies of Zaroff's horrific hunt.

I was interested to read your new feature *Fun Scene On Collecting* in *HoH* 7, on the history of horror film magazines, but there is a little-known fact I'd like to bring to your attention.

Your feature writer, Tise Vahimagi, states that *Famous Monsters of Filmland* was one of the first such magazines. The magazine itself often claims to be the very first, in fact. But I am enclosing with this letter a copy of a magazine that pre-dates *FM* by a full year! And better still, it's *British*.

The title is *Screen Chills*. It was published in 1957, price 1/6d, by Pep Publishers and Printers of Croydon, and distributed by Pennine Publications of Bolton, Lancs.

The first (and only) issue contains a film-book on *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*, the Eros film *Dead That Walk*, a news section of upcoming fantasy films, and a short story by Robert (Psycho) Bloch entitled "Them Ones".

True, it did not have the same market-creating effect as *FM*, lasting only one issue, but it's nice to know, if only for historian pride, that this time America didn't beat us to the punch!

Derek Stokes,  
London W.1.



devote a whole feature rather than an issue to one movie, reviewing the past Hammer horrors, as you did in *HoH* 5 *Answer Desk* (on *Countess Dracula*) but with much more space, and more dialogue and pictures.

One last thing. I hope you will not be replacing *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* with *Van Helsing's History of Horror*. I would rather see them alternate, as I like both ideas.

Stuart Taylor  
Willaston,  
Nantwich.

## HoH

Although being a comparative newcomer to the world of horror magazines, I would like this opportunity to tell you what I think of your superb magazine.

You have handled the comic strips in a very adult fashion, although it might be better if you handled other films than *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and classic monsters series.

I'm glad you don't concentrate simply on horror, though, but on fantasy and science fiction as well. Thank you.

Will you be bringing out binders, so that we can keep our collections of *HoH* in mint condition? And when are you going monthly?

Finally, in passing, may I recommend you to Ed Naha's paperback book *Horror*, which is a comprehensive encyclopedia of horror, fantasy and the supernatural. Loads of pix and only £2.95.

Nick Green,  
Eaton, Norwich.

On recommendations, it should be mentioned that lovers of special effects in fantasy films can find a whole book on this fascinating subject recently published by Abacus. Entitled *Movie Magic*, and written by *HoH* regular columnist, John Brosnan, this book contains 208 pages of information and costs £2.50. But more details on this in our upcoming review next issue.

*HoH* binders, Nick? We've had so many requests for them, that upon completion of *HoH* Volume 1 (which will represent 12 issues and 18 months of publishing—because of our frequency switch) we will have binders available and advertised in these pages.

As you can see, we went monthly last issue, and yes, we intend to cover all aspects of fantasy—not just the 'classic' monsters.

I was absolutely delighted to hear that I had won the "In Pursuit Of *Dracula*", competition in your magazine, thus winning a free two week holiday in modern-day Transylvania!

What can I say about the trip, except that it really looks like you imagine Transylvania to be. The forests, mountains, and, of course, the castles are really Hammer Films brought to life (if you ignore the ever present telephone wires!).

Among the unforgettable places we visited were the Borgo (Birgau) Pass—at sunset, no less! Also the ruins of Pœnari Citadel, which sits on top of a craggy peak, just like *Castle Dracula* in Stoker's novel and numerous films. Yes, the country really does have atmosphere.

Perhaps my favourite place, however, was *Castle Bran*—a real, preserved castle, that could be straight from the pages of a gothic film or novel. Incidentally, Christopher Lee, dressed as the original (historic) *Dracula*, was photographed in *Castle Bran* for a documentary (*In Search of Dracula*) on the real and reel *Dracula*. There could have been no better location for it.

Finally, I would just like to say how much I enjoy *HoH*, and how really delighted I was with the artwork for *Dracula*, *Prince of Darkness* which was amongst the finest comic illustration I have yet seen.

Thanks again for making such a wonderful holiday possible.

Vince Mattocks,  
Rednal,  
Birmingham.



Vincent Mattocks (centre) in "Bram Stoker" country, travelling by boat on the Bistritza River. This being the river that Count *Dracula* was ferried along home, to his castle in Transylvania.

Address all comments to:  
**POST MORTEM, House of Hammer, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W.1.** Unfortunately, because of the large volume of mail received, we cannot give personal answers to your queries.

# CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

**M**obile, Alabama—On the outskirts of this sultry Gulf port city sits a building in the shape of an airplane hangar, 450 feet long, 250 feet wide and 90 feet high. It is some six times larger than the largest sound stage ever constructed in Hollywood.

Its occupants include the 114 members of the cast and crew of Columbia Pictures *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. To enter the hangar, a visitor must display a clearance badge, checked and double-checked by a round-the-clock security force. What is happening 'inside'? Everyone concerned is sworn to secrecy.

Director/writer Steven Spielberg is quick to point out that the air of mystery surrounding the vast sound stage is not just a publicity stunt. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, he explains, will utilize totally new techniques in photography, lighting, optics and special effects. The film's opening is still months away so why spell the surprises?

This ruck is known. A close encounter of the third kind is a contact between earth's human beings and extra-terrestrial creatures or alien beings. Whatever is going on inside the hangar is vital to Spielberg's aim. And this is to combine scientific conjecture that we share our universe with other intelligent life forms and the experiences of thousands of people who claim to have sighted or communicated with UFO's, into one dazzling, enlightening entertainment spectacle.

At the age of 28, Spielberg has directed just two motion pictures. The first was *Sugarland Express* (with Goldie Hawn). The second was *Jaws*, a landmark in the cinema and the highest-grossing movie of all time. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is the first film which Spielberg has both written and directed.

Last Spring, Spielberg began casting his film. First signed was Richard Dreyfuss, whose role is a complete departure from the brilliant coxswain he played in *Jaws*. This time, Dreyfuss is an average working man, not particularly sophisticated or intelligent and hardly



RICHARD DREYFUSS plays Ray Neery, power company trouble shooter, whose job brings him into contact with the alien beings.

prepared to cope with the mind-boggling 'close encounter' in which he becomes annexed.

Spielberg went to Paris to choose an admittedly off-beat co-star for Dreyfuss—the acclaimed French film director, François Truffaut. *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* marks the first time that Truffaut is acting in a film which he is not directing. Films he did direct, including *Day for Night*, have won an array of international honours, including an Oscar, a Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival and the New York Film Critics' Circle Award.

Also in the cast is Teri Garr, in a complete switch from her compliant conspirator in *Mel Brooks, Young Frankenstein*.



FRANÇOIS TRUFFAUT, director of *Day for Night*, plays a French expert on outer space.



STEVEN (Jaws) SPIELBERG, director/writer of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

TERI GARR and two of her children look up in fear and bewilderment at the strange behaviour of her husband, played by Richard Dreyfuss.



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House of Dracula (1945)



**CARLOS CORES**  
Woman and the Beast (Mex, 1958)



**CARL SCHELL**  
I Married a Werewolf (1961)



**PAUL NASHY**  
Return of the Werewolf (Spain, 1973)

Following our extensive features on the new King Kong film (HoH 8) and the original Eighth Wonder of the World (HoH 9), Steve Moore now takes a look at the secondary simians spawned by ambitious movie-makers. And, on page 32, John Fleming ties up our three-part ape feature

# KONG

**KING KONG!** A fitting name for the monarch of monsters who has reigned supreme for more than forty years now. And, as with most rulers, much tribute has been paid to the King . . . in the form of sequels, follow-ups and imitation films . . . ultimately culminating in the greatest appreciation of them all, today's up-dated remake of the original film, forty-three years after its first showing. Added to that, there's been a constant stream of souvenirs, mementoes and goodies, too . . . a whole ape industry has grown up . . .

The original King Kong movie, made in 1933, is still constantly being reshowed in cinemas and on television all round the world, and has justly earned its place among the classics of the cinema. But right back at the beginning, before the film had even been shown, the producers had no way of knowing just what a winner they had on their hands. Still, they were obviously confident . . . confident enough to start a series of spin-offs and tie-ins to promote the film right from the start.

opened in New York a little later. And even when these spectacles had been dropped (they were, after all, too expensive to continue indefinitely) King Kong still played to standing-room-only audiences. A great film, aided by a great campaign, had really taken off . . .

To tie in with the release of the film, the February 1933 issue of *Mystery Magazine* began serialisation of the novel of King Kong, "written" by the famous detective-story writer Edgar Wallace (see HoH 9 for further details), in collaboration with Merian C. Cooper. The novel was later collected into book form, and though of a slightly dated style, makes exciting reading, if you're lucky enough to find a copy.

## Man in an ape suit . . .

Sheet music, for the piano, of the film's theme was also published, and the film's bewildering (for the times) special effects also got plenty of attention. Not the right attention mind you . . . *Modern Mechanics and Inventions* magazine published an illustrated two-page spread which "revealed" that King Kong was a



Early "ape" . . . The Missing Link from a 1925 adaptation of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. (Willis O'Brien winning much acclaim for his animated dinosaurs in this silent classic)



Willis O'Brien (assisted by Ray Harryhausen) handled the effects on this giant ape. Mighty Joe Young (1949)

The publicity campaign was enormous, especially for those pre-television days, running even as far as buying a whole half-hour's radio time to do a programme-cum-commercial to announce the film. Before the premiere showing at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, there was a full-scale, seventeen act musical extravaganza, live on stage, featuring musicians, singers and dancers, and there were also similar stage shows, full of jungle rhythms and exotic dances, when the film

man in an ape-suit . . . and despite recent claims, no one has officially admitted that anything else than stop-frame animation and giant mock-ups were used.

Following such a stupendous success, the time was obviously right for a sequel, taking advantage of the massive interest already generated. This was *Son of Kong*, made in the same year, 1933, and featured much the same team. The director was Ernest B. Schoedsack, who had collaborated with Merian C. Cooper

on the first film's direction, and Robert Armstrong played a role in both pictures. Willis O'Brien again handled the special effects and animation of the giant ape.

**Son of Kong** went the way of many sequels, and has largely been forgotten. In it an adventurer returned to the island where King Kong had first been discovered, and found his offspring, a giant white ape. But this time the film was played much more for laughs, and the ape looked cuddly rather than threatening. It was another display of brilliant special effects, but little more. One of Willis O'Brien's later projects might have been more interesting, had it reached the screen. This was *King Kong vs Frankenstein* . . . but the film never got beyond the planning stage, which must be a considerable loss to both horror films and Kong fans . . .

## Kong Re-Born

But if O'Brien was to have no more dealings with the King of Kongs, his career as a special effects man was far from over, and in 1949 he returned to the subject of giant apes. The film was *Mighty Joe Young*, the director was Schoedsack once more, and the star (apart from the ape, of course!) was again Robert Armstrong. One new face was of interest, however . . . the debut, in collaboration with O'Brien, of a new young special effects man, Ray Harryhausen. Since O'Brien's death in 1962, Harryhausen has had a virtual monopoly on model-animation special effects, and has developed something of a cult following. You may recall seeing his work in such films as

# S KIND

by Steve Moore

The Golden Voyage of Simbad and Jason and the Argonauts.

Mighty Joe Young has been the subject of heated debate among film fans for many years. Some, influenced no doubt by the excellent special effects, see it as the best 'ape' picture of them all. Others, with an eye more on the story-line, see it as a cleaned-up, cut-down King Kong, fit only for children. For Mighty Joe Young is a good ape, and only ten feet tall to boot! He's the household pet of an orphan girl in Africa, as well-trained as a pet dog. Girl and ape are discovered by a passing showman, who is leading a cowboy safari, and taken to America to appear as a night-club act. Later, when the giant ape saves his young mistress from a blazing orphanage, we realise just how far the film is removed from the original shock value of King Kong. But the special effects were brilliant enough to win O'Brien an Academy Award...

Model animation is expensive and time-consuming, and it's hardly surprising that only three such giant-ape pictures were made in the thirties and forties. But there was also a constant stream of normal size apes appearing in films throughout this period, and even earlier... right back to the beginning of the cinema itself. For these films a man wearing a gorilla suit could be used (though it must be said they hardly ever looked convincing) and these ape-players shambled and grunted



Toho's not-so-acceptable Kong in their 1957 production, *King Kong Versus Godzilla*.

their way through hundreds of jungle-pictures, comedies, and so on.

More interesting to fantasy fans were films such as those based on Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, made three times, in 1914 (silent), 1931, with Bela Lugosi, and 1954, in colour and 3-D. This one was the classic tale of a series of unexplained murders,

which eventually turn out to have been committed by a trained ape on behalf of its vengeful master. And there were innumerable pictures with apes that had been half-humanised, as in *Baloo the Demon Baboon* (1913), or men that had been partially turned into apes, as in *A Blind Bargain*, starring Lon Chaney Sr. made in 1922. And there were even women-into-ape movies, like *Captive Wild Woman* (1943) which was successful enough to run to a couple of sequels.

By the time anyone got round to another giant ape picture, it was the men in monkey suits who ruled the roost, while the animators turned their attention to other things. Konga was the first of this new breed, an English-American co-production in 1960. The film, produced by Herman Cohen and directed by John Lemont, starred Michael Gough as

## From Konga to Mytek

Doctor Decker, a scientist whose plane crashes in the African jungle. There he is befriended by a tiny monkey, Konga, and some giant native tribesmen, who derive their size and strength from a previously unknown jungle plant. After some time studying in the jungle, Decker returns to London, bringing with him both Konga and his miraculous growth serum. Under its influence, Konga grows to the size of a gorilla, but the serum also gives him a telepathic link with Decker, and considerably increased intelligence. As Konga picks up the frustrations and suppressed hatreds that Decker feels when his work is threatened, he lets himself



An effective shot from the 1963 Universal/Toho film, *King Kong Escapes*.

out of his cage and sets off on a series of murders.

But it is not until near the end of the film that Konga finally achieves giant size, as he imitates Dacker's movements and injects himself with a vast overdose of growth serum. After that, Konga becomes a problem for the army and airforce to deal with. Once Konga got above chimpanzee size, it was time for a man to step into the ape's skin, and use of models and superimpositions added the final touch for the giant size sequences.

Konga was also featured in a series of American comic books, the first one retelling the story of the film, while subsequent issues resurrected the monster and continued his adventures. The series ran to about 20 issues in the early sixties, and has since become an item of minor interest to collectors. There have been other giant ape comics as well, from many parts of the world... the long-running British strip, Mytek the Mighty, for instance... Konga was also awarded the accolade of having his adventure published in book form to tie in with the film...

### Monkey See...

King Kong, the original in name if not in form, next turned up in Japan in 1962. The Toho company, realising that they were onto a good thing with their own master monster, Godzilla, decided that an even better thing would be to match him against King Kong, and unimaginatively decided to call the end result **King Kong vs Godzilla**! Inoshiro Honda directed, and special effects were handled by Eiji Tsuburaya. Japan's most notable effects man, who unfortunately died in 1970. Tsuburaya's effects were not, perhaps, in the same class as O'Brien or Harryhausen (O'Brien's widow is reputed to have wept when she saw the way King Kong was portrayed by the Japanese) and both King Kong and Godzilla were played by men in suits! But the film was hardly intended to be taken seriously, and should be seen simply as a romp... the fight of the century between the super-heavyweight champions of East and West....

The film's story tells us that King Kong is found in the Solomon Islands and attracts the attention of a group of television men, who succeed in drugging him, and floating him to Japan on a giant raft. But the drug wears off before the raft reaches its destination, and King Kong breaks loose. Meanwhile, Godzilla, the giant dinosaur with the radioactive bad breath, awakens from his sleep in an iceberg in the Arctic Ocean, breaks out, and heads for Japan. Godzilla heads south! King Kong moves north! The result is a clash of the titans, and they crush, destroy, kill, ruin and smash everything and everyone in their path. Finally, King Kong wins and stomps off into the sea, heading for home... unless you happen to see the film in Japan, in which case Godzilla wins...!

Considering just how many monster films the Japanese have made, and Tsuburaya working on more than twenty before 1970, it's surprising that there has only been one further eastern



*Giant Ape Versus Cowboys was the Gwangi-like thome featuring the above simian, Mighty Joe Young (1949).*



*Roddy McDowall played one of the intelligent apes of the future in each of the Planet of The Apes films and TV episodes.*

King Kong film, and we had to wait until 1967 for that. Directed by Inoshiro Honda once again, and with Tsuburaya backing him up on special effects, **King Kong Escapes** set up a climactic battle between the real King Kong, and an equally giant King Kong robot, whose armoury included some nasty electric rays, apart from the sheer might of his metallic limbs. After that one, though, King Kong really did escape... from Japan, that is, and he's put in no further appearances there....

### Beneath the Escape from the return

The following year brought Planet of the Apes to screens round the world, and a whole new trend in monkey business was started. The original film was a classic, based on Pierre Boulle's novel 'Monkey Planet', and the story got the magnificent treatment it deserved at the hands of director Franklin J. Schaffner. Charlton Heston, Roddy MacDowall and Kim Hunter added star quality to the cast list, but the thing that stole the picture was the majestic make-up work of John Chambers.

His task was made somewhat easier by the

fact that the Apes in question were not supposed to be the usual type of jungle gorillas, but more advanced, man-like simians . . . and this doubtless helped the actors, too, in that they didn't have to adopt too many ape characteristics which might have smothered their acting skills. Chambers' answer to the problem of how to make an actor look like an ape, yet still allow him enough facial expression to act, was known as the "appliance" . . . a moulded feature of pliable latex which was stuck directly to the skin. There would be separate appliances for the lower jaw, the eyebrows, and so on, and once these were in place, the job would be finished off with more usual make-up, false hair, and so on. The end result, as anyone knows who has seen the film, was an impressive array of evolved, man-like chimps, gorillas and orangs . . .

#### And Then . . .

In this first 'Apes' film, a spaceship, heading for a far star, is caught in a time-war, and lands on a planet where apes rule, speak and have a civilisation of sorts, while humans are mute, wild, and rounded up like cattle to work as slaves. Charlton Heston is the only astronaut to finally survive, and staggers the apes with his powers of speech. Such a freak ultimately threatens the whole way of life and thinking of the apes, and he is sentenced to death . . . but manages to escape with the aid of two ape scientists. In the end, wandering through the 'Forbidden Zone', the astronaut discovers that he is on earth, but several thousand years in the future . . . and the ruined Statue of Liberty gives him the tip-off that civilised man blew himself up in a nuclear war soon after the spaceship left earth.

Planet of the Apes was a massive success, and brought a series of four follow-up pictures, none of which, alas, were anywhere near as good as the original. The second film, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes*, ended up with the whole planet Earth being destroyed in a



*Battle For The Planet Of The Apes. Caesar (Roddy McDowall) has a tree-top battle against ape rebel leader, Aldo (Claude Akins).*

cataclysmic explosion, which left the producers with rather a problem when they decided to do a third film. But if astronauts can be projected forward through time, then apes can be thrown backwards . . . and that's precisely what happened in the third film, *Escape from the Planet of the Apes*. A family of apes finds the astronaut's original spaceship and patches together the damaged electronics. They take off just before the end of the world, and are projected back to the time just after the original story started. In the remaining two films, we follow the progress of this newly developed ape race, serving human masters, before the nuclear war which destroys human civilisation. . . .

When the film series finally came to an end, the next logical thing was a television show, and in 1974 the *Planet of the Apes* programme came to the small screen. Quietly ignoring the

first film, it started the whole thing off from scratch again, with a spaceship crash, this time depositing two astronauts in the future. But this time there was slight change in emphasis, and the star of the series was undoubtedly Galen, the renegade chimp who assists the fugitive astronauts, played by Roddy MacDowall. The series had many good things going for it, but not, it seems, sufficiently large audiences in America . . . and as a result it was cancelled halfway through its first run. . . .

Planet of the Apes brought a multitude of spin-offs. Everything from novels based on the films, to comic books, toys and models, was pumped out to take advantage of our peculiar liking for apes that act like men. But ever since the late sixties there has been a growing trend to turn out souvenirs and tie-ins, especially in the United States, and especially in relation to horror films.

The original King Kong and its successors have found their place among this huge merchandising spree as well. There have been plastic construction kits of Kong, a long-playing record of the original film's soundtrack, and 8mm. cut down versions of the *Mighty Joe Young* and *Son of Kong* films for sale. As well as the usual gorilla masks, posters and other paraphernalia. . . .

Perhaps the most obvious demonstration of just what a hold King Kong has on the human imagination came from Britain's second largest city a few years ago. A huge sculpture, some twenty feet high, of the king of the apes himself, was put up in Birmingham city centre, with council backing . . . to the delight of many and the offence of a few. There was no publicity tie-in, nobody trying to exploit it . . . merely a celebration of the greatest ape of them all. After a few weeks though, it was taken down and sold to a second-hand car firm, and continues to grace their forecourt in a curious but inviting display, to the present day. . . .



*"Silly . . . but fun" was about the highest praise one could give these Toho titans. From King Kong Versus Godzilla (1967).*

# KONG CLIPPINGS

Since *Planet of the Apes*, simian cinema seems to have fallen almost completely into satire. *Schlock* came along in 1974, a cheapie made without the benefit of a full-time professional film company, but getting a certain amount of cinema distribution in the States. This was an outright send-up, featuring a 'missing-link' known as the *Schlockthropus*, which committed a bizarre series of banana murders in Los Angeles. At the same time, the film satirised 'classic' scenes from both Ape pictures and other famous horror films. *King Kong* Fu was another send-up, combining two popular film styles by having a gorilla that practised Chinese martial arts. Neither of these films have reached Britain so far, although from their reputation, it doesn't sound as if we're missing too much!

Latest in the field is *Queen Kong*, "the liberated lady gorilla", directed by Frank Agrama and starring Ray Fay and Luce Habit. Another outright satire, this one sticks more closely to the original storyline of *King Kong*.



The mechanical Kong from *King Kong Escapes* (1968).

but with certain differences . . . not the least of which is that the 60-foot tall gorilla is a female! The island where *Queen Kong* is found is not far from the coast off Brighton, and there are attacks by man-eating prehistoric scottish bappies!

But there's one tie-in we've been saving until last, because it's the most curious of all. They say art is an imitation of nature, but sometimes nature imitates art. And that's exactly what seems to have happened in Malaysia in August 1966. There were stories in local papers such as the *Malay Mail*, which were subsequently carried worldwide by Reuter's newsagency, of a giant ape wandering through the Malay jungles. The ape is apparently shy and harmless . . . but it leaves footprints 18 inches across and is said to be 25 feet high! Whether there's any substance in the reports we don't know, and we've heard nothing in the following ten years. But if there *should* be something out there in the trees . . . and if someone *should* find it and bring it back alive . . . well, you know what happens next. . .

When *King Kong* was screened in Germany, the Nazi authorities removed all scenes involving physical contact between the Aryan heroine, Fay Wray, and the great black ape. He was obviously racially impure!

This wasn't the only element in the castration of *Kong*. The original release prints also had several scenes censored and, although the cut sections were recently re-discovered, most versions of the movie shown today are still incomplete. The cuts included a shot on Skull Island of an enormous hairy foot trampling a native baby into the ground. A scene in which, after ripping off Fay Wray's dress, Kong sniffs his fingers. And a shot in New York of a screaming woman being thrown down into the street below.

Kong has also invaded other films. One of his back-projection plates turns up in the *Citizen Kane* picnic scene. But there is no truth to the rumour that the great ape muttered "Rosebud" as he fell to his death.

Cooper was a man who liked a challenge. He fought against Pancho Villa in Mexico; flew bombers in World War One; fought with the Poles against the Russians; fought from a Soviet prison camp; and went on a \$10,000 round-the-world expedition with Kong producer Ernest B. Schoedsack. He won an honorary Oscar in 1952 for "his many innovations and contributions to the art of motion pictures".

It was Merian Cooper who wrote the so-called 'Arabian proverb' which opens the film: **AND THE BEAST LOOKED UPON THE FACE OF BEAUTY. AND LO! HIS HAND WAS STAYED FROM KILLING. AND FROM THAT DAY FORWARD HE WAS AS ONE DEAD.**

Cooper has actually conceived the Kong character in late 1929 while in Africa shooting animal footage for *The Four Feathers* (co-directed by Schoedsack and starring Fay Wray). But he didn't decide on production until December 1931.

To get financial backing for the film, O'Brien shot a sample reel for RKO stockholders. This included a sequence used in the finished film—in which Kong tips sailboats off a tree-trunk bridge on the island. The eerie visual style of Skull Island was based on the work of the prolific 19th century illustrator Paul Gustave Dore.

Filming started in May 1932, with Selznick as executive producer. Live-action scenes were shot in tandem with *The Hounds of Zaroff* (also starring Fay Wray), sometimes using the same sets and crew. Selznick said: "One of the biggest gambles I took at RKO was to squeeze money out of the budgets of other pictures for this venture." Kong took a year to film and most of its \$650,000 budget was spent on special effects.

Despite the expensive model-work, some scenes did show a man in an ape-suit. His stage name was Ken Ruddy (real name Carmen Nigro). He was paid \$7,500 but had to provide his own costume. It cost him \$3,500 and consisted of six bear-skins sewn together. He was used in the final sequence in which gasoline-powered model planes on wires attacked him on an 8th high model of the top of the Empire State Building. Balance was no problem: he wore fur-covered bladder slippers with rubber suction-pads on the soles. He then went completely ape and haired off to appear as a gorilla in 32 other films, including *Mighty Joe Young* (1949). He eventually hung up his bear-skins to 1954 and is now a security guard for a Chicago insurance company. They have no security problems.

Exactly who wrote the script is another matter. Credited scriptwriter Edgar Wallace died during production (in February 1932) because he was a Christian Scientist. He got double pneumonia in California and refused to see a doctor.

Merian Cooper said: "Edgar Wallace didn't write any of Kong, not one single scene nor line of dialogue, not one bloody word. I'd promised him credit and so I gave it to him."

However, a preliminary 110 page script called simply *Kong* does exist in Wallace's handwriting. The film, in this version, opens with a normal-sized monkey holding a rose in its hand. The monkey is slowly pulling the petals off the rose. The dialogue starts:

ENGELHORN: You see, it is der dawn of human intelligence, is it not? The admiration of the beautiful thing.

DENHAM: Yeah! And he's pulling it to pieces — That's human.

In Wallace's script, Kong's New York debut is not in a theatre but a circus. He has to fight lions and tigers to save the girl. . . . An idea used later in *Mighty Joe Young*. One contribution Wallace does seem to have made to the finished film is the sub-title: *King Kong—The Eighth Wonder of the World*. And it's interesting to note that, in June 1927, before Kong was even thought of, Wallace published *The Ape-creepers*, a book which included an emotional orang-utan prore to bouts of climbing buildings and chasing outland ladies.

Despite the fact that Kong does not appear until about 40 minutes into the movie, *King Kong* was a sensation. It was and is the only movie to have played New York's massive Roxy Theatre and Radio City Music Hall simultaneously. In one African cinema, it played for over 20 years. His roar is actually a lion's roar played backwards at a slower speed.

Director Merian C. Cooper and actor Robert Armstrong, the man who caught Kong, died one day apart in late April 1973.



# CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF Part II 'MURDER MOON'

SOME INSTINCT  
LEADS LEON BACK...  
BACK TO THE ONLY  
SAFE HAVEN HE HAS  
KNOWN IN HIS  
LIFE

LEON!  
HOW DID YOU  
GET BACK...?  
AND WHERE  
ARE YOUR  
CLOTHES?

IRON BARS CAN SOME-  
TIMES TELL A STORY  
MUCH PLAINER THAN  
WORDS...

GOOD LORD!

THE PRIEST IS CALLED, FOR ONLY  
HE CAN EXPLAIN...  
AND BE BELIEVED...

YOU SAY I TURNED  
INTO A WOLF? I-I DON'T  
REMEMBER ANYTHING...  
YET THERE'S BLOOD  
ON MY HANDS...

PERHAPS  
ONLY THE  
BLOOD OF A  
SHEEP MY  
SON, AND YET,  
SOMETHING  
MUST BE  
DONE...

I THINK I CAN  
GET YOU INTO A  
MONASTERY, WHERE  
YOU'LL BE CARED FOR...  
BUT TILL THEN, YOU  
MUST BE CHAINED...!

CHAINED LIKE AN  
ANIMAL? NO...  
I WON'T...

LEON!  
COME  
BACK!

IT IS DAWN  
WHEN LEON  
REACHES THE  
VINEYARD  
AGAIN, AND  
PREPARES TO  
START  
WORK...

BUT  
TODAY,  
HE WILL  
WORK  
ALONE...?

BUT BY NIGHTFALL,  
HE BEGINS TO  
REALISE HIS  
FATE...

BUT SUDDENLY...

LEON!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

CHRISTINA...  
KEEP AWAY  
FROM ME!

PANICKING, LEON TRIES TO FLEE... BUT EVEN HIS FEET SEEM TO HAVE TURNED AGAINST HIM...

LEON... IN GOD'S NAME!!

OOOF!

LEON HAS NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME PASSES AS HE LIES THERE IN DELIRIUM... UNTIL, FINALLY...

OH, LEON, YOU'RE AWAKE... BUT NOW I MUST GO... BEFORE MY FATHER FINDS OUT I'VE BEEN HERE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT...

NO, NOTHING HAPPENED... YOU JUST SEEMED TO BE ILL!

A MOMENT'S HESITATION, AND THEN...

YES, I'LL COME WITH YOU... BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER, LEON?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER... BUT WE MUST LEAVE RIGHT NOW! GO AND GET READY!

ALL NIGHT? BUT... TELL ME... DID ANYTHING HAPPEN?

THEN YOU'VE SAVED ME! BUT WE MUST GET MARRIED AND GO AWAY... IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY YOU'LL COME WITH ME!

BUT TIME IS TOO SHORT, AND THEIR PLANS ARE INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE...

LEON CARIDO! ARE THESE YOUR CLOTHES?

WHY, YES... I THINK SO...

THEN I'M ARRESTING YOU... THE CHARGE IS MURDER...!

AND SO...

JAILER! LISTEN TO ME! YOU MUST SEND FOR MY FATHER...

HE WON'T LISTEN... WON'T DO ANYTHING... UNLESS YOU PAY HIM!

HERE! IT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE! FETCH MY FATHER... PLEASE! HURRY...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE VINEYARD...

LEON, WHERE ARE YOU? I'M READY... OH! FATHER!

SO, YOU WERE GOING TO RUN AWAY WITH HIM... WELL, YOU CAN FORGET THAT...

I AM GOING TO MARRY HIM! WHERE IS HE, FATHER? HE NEEDS ME!

WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO SEE YOU! THEY'VE PUT HIM WHERE HE BELONGS... IN JAIL!

BUT NOTHING  
IS GOING TO STOP  
CHRISTINA NOW...

YOU THERE!  
DRIVE ME INTO TOWN.  
... IT'S MY FATHER'S  
ORDER!

IT IS A LONG DRIVE BACK INTO  
TOWN, AND IN THE MEANTIME...

BUT LEON,  
THEY STILL  
HAVE TO PROVE  
THAT YOU  
KILLED THOSE  
PEOPLE...

THEY'LL PROVE IT...  
BECAUSE IT'S TRUE!  
AND IT'LL HAPPEN  
AGAIN TONIGHT  
IF THEY KEEP  
ME HERE...  
THESE BARS  
WO'N'T STOP  
IT...

WE'LL GO  
TO THE MAYOR  
... AND FIND  
OUT WHAT CAN  
BE DONE!

TELL HIM I'VE  
CONFESSED...  
AND I MUST BE  
EXECUTED BEFORE  
SUNDOWN...  
AND YOU KNOW  
HOW THAT MUST  
BE DONE...

SHOT  
WITH A SILVER  
BULLET, OR  
BURNED...  
**BURNED  
ALIVE!**

AND SO, AT THE TOWN HALL...

THIS IS  
PREPOSTEROUS!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
IT!

IT'S TRUE...  
MY SON HAS  
CONFESSED...  
AND IF NOTHING IS  
DONE, HE'LL BREAK  
OUT OF THAT PRISON  
AT NIGHTFALL...

... AND KILL  
ANYONE HE COMES  
ACROSS... AND  
YOU'LL BE  
RESPONSIBLE!

AH... WELL... LET'S  
GO AND LOOK AT  
HIM...

YOU MUST BELIEVE THEM,  
SEÑOR! ALL THEY'VE TOLD  
YOU IS TRUE...

AND, AT THAT MOMENT...

LEON! WHAT  
ARE THEY DOING  
TO YOU?

CHRISTINA!

I'M CHRISTINA FERNANDEZ,  
SEÑOR... LEON AND I ARE  
ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED...

YOU LOOK  
PERFECTLY NORMAL TO  
I'LL NEED OTHER WIT-  
NESSES... INDEPENDENT  
WITNESSES!

WHA... AND  
WHO ARE YOU,  
SEÑORITA? YOU  
KNOW HIM?

SO, YOU YOU  
KNOW HIM WELL...  
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT  
HIS... AFFLICTION?

BUT, OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE INNOCENT...

HE DOESN'T HAVE AN AFFLICTION... HE'S PERFECTLY NORMAL!



THANK YOU! THE PRISONER WILL STAY HERE AND AWAIT TRIAL!

COME, MY CHILD!

NO! LEAVE HER WITH ME! SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE ME!



FATHER! OLD PEPE HAS A SILVER BULLET... YOU MUST GET IT FROM HIM... AND USE IT ON ME...



AND, AT ALFREDO'S HOUSE...

THIS IS A FRIEND OF LEON'S, WITH NOWHERE TO GO... PERHAPS SHE CAN STAY HERE... AT LEAST UNTIL DON ALFREDO FINDS PEPE...



PEPE? THEN IT'S COME TO THAT AT LAST...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SILVER BULLET?

A SILVER BULLET MADE FROM A CRUCIFIX... THE ONLY BULLET THAT COULD KILL... A WEREWOLF!



BUT NOT EVERYONE BELIEVES SUCH THINGS... LIKE THE OLD DRUNKARD WHO SHARES LEON'S CELL...

A BEAUTIFUL EVENING... AND THERE'S A FULL MOON RISING! IT'LL SOON BE BRIGHT AS... WHAT?



NO! IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! IT MUSTN'T... NOOOO!

GRRRRAAR!





BUT APPEALS FOR HEAVENLY AID BRING NO RELIEF...  
FOR LEON IS ALL WOLF NOW, AND EVERYONE ELSE ...  
ONLY VICTIMS!



AND THEN,  
THE  
WEREWOLF  
IS FREE!



BUT SUCH  
HORRORS  
DO NOT GO  
UNNOTICED  
FOR LONG...



WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
IN HERE...  
GOOD  
LORD!

GRRRRRRR



FREE...  
TO  
KILL!

AND SO, WHEN ALFREDO RETURNS FROM HIS QUEST...

WHAT'S HAPPENED?  
HAS LEON GONE?  
WHERE IS HE?

WE DON'T  
KNOW, SENOR!  
HE...

THEN...

THERE  
HE IS!

UP ON THE  
ROOF!

IN A MOB, MEN WILL  
DARE MANY THINGS...  
EVEN FACING A  
WEREWOLF...

AFTER  
HIM!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!

WOLVES  
CAN'T STAND  
FIRE! WE'LL  
FORCE HIM  
DOWN...

AND, FOR A MOMENT, IT LOOKS AS  
IF THE PLAN MIGHT WORK...

GRAAR!

BUT ONLY FOR  
A MOMENT...

LOOK  
OUT!

THE MOB SCATTERS BRIEFLY,  
BUT THEN THE CHASE IS ON  
AGAIN...

THERE HE  
GOES! HE'S GOT  
ONTO THE  
CHURCH!



PERHAPS SOME SPARK OF HUMANITY REMAINS IN LEON, FOR HE DOES NOT ATTACK THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN HIS FATHER ... BUT LEAPS AWAY INSTEAD



AND THEN...



VOOOUH!

THEN THE TORMENT IS OVER...



AND FOR  
ALFREDO,  
ONE LAST  
ACT AS A  
FATHER...



THE EXCITEMENT  
OVER, THE VILLAGERS GO  
HOME... LEAVING BEHIND  
ONLY THREE PEOPLE...  
THREE PEOPLE WHO  
HAVE LOVED AND  
CHERISHED YOUNG  
LEON CARIDO...  
BUT FIND THAT A CRUEL  
WORLD HAS ONLY  
REWARDED THEM  
WITH PAIN AND  
GRIEF...





# Answer Desk



## OUTER LIMITS TV QUERY

Science fiction fan, **Yvonne Tillyer** of **Hayes, Middx.**, can cease searching for clues about **The Inheritors** (which she saw on tv some years ago) as we can now give her the low-down on this evasive picture. It turns out, Yvonne, that **The Inheritors** was originally a segment of tv's **The Outer Limits**, first telecast (in two-parts) on November 21 and 28, 1964 (in the U.S.A.). Somewhere along the line these two episodes were tacked together and shown in your tv area under the guise of a sci-fi feature film. It was produced by Ben Brady, directed by James Goldstone, and written by Sam Newman, Seeleg Lester and Ed Adamson. The featured players were Robert Duvall (*Ballard*), Steve Inhat (*Lt. Minns*), Ivan Dixon (*Conover*), Dee Pollock (*Hadley*), James Frawley (*Renaldo*), Ted DeCorsi (*Branch*), Donald Harran (*Harris*), and Dabbs Greer (*Larkin*).

## CELLULOID WAX THRILLERS

For **Gilbert Carpentier** of **Lyons, France**, we specially print a rarely-seen photo of **Lionel Atwill** as the hideously scarred sculptor in **Mystery of the Wax Museum** (1933). Gilbert is a fan of the "wax-museum" school of thrillers, so recommended viewing includes **The Florentine Dagger** (1935), directed by Robert Florey (who did an excellent job with the 1932 **Murders in the Rue Morgue**), **House of Wax** (1953), the 3-D remake of the 1933 version directed by Andre de Toth, and **Chamber of Horrors** (1966), inspired by **House of Wax** and originally intended as a pilot for a tv series; directed by Hy Averback. Television-wise, NBC-TV's 1961-62 season of **Thriller** (hosted by Boris Karloff) offered the Robert Bloch story **Waxworks**,



*Mystery of the Wax Museum (1933): Lionel Atwill.*

which was based on the same story as the **House That Dripped Blood** segment. **Waxworks** was directed by John Brahm and starred Oscar Homolka as the owner of a travelling waxworks.

## UNIVERSAL'S MUMMY FILMS

**Martin Road** and **Louise Jackson** of **London SE27**, would like to know if the old Universal **Mummy** films had any continuing story-line and how each one ended. Well, the basic theme went like this. Universal's 1932 production of **The Mummy** focused on the ancient Egyptian priest **Im-Ho-Tep** who was mummified alive for trying to bring back to life the dead princess **Anck-es-en-Amon**. He is accidentally revived in the 20th century, now calling himself **Ardath Bey**, and locates the reincarnation of his princess. Finally he is turned to dust by the god **Isis**.

The **Mummy** turns up again in 1940's **The Mummy's Hand**, now called **Kharis**, and sets about decimating the desecrators of princess **Ananka's** tomb (*do you follow me?*). Whilst trying to save his life-giving tana juice he is set on fire by the hero.

**The Mummy's Tomb** (1942) brought back **Kharis**, set some thirty years later, and let him loose in America (*he certainly gets around!*) to kill off the last members of the Egyptian expedition. The local villagers with flaming torches end his activities. **The Mummy's Ghost** (1944) sees **Kharis** on the trail of his princess again, this time in New England, where her soul has been reincarnated in a local girl. The climax sees **Kharis** and the girl, who changes into **Ananka** and then into a mummy herself, sink into a swamp. The last Universal **Mummy** outing was **The Mummy's Curse** (1944), which saw **Ananka** brought out of the swamp and restored back to a beautiful girl. **Kharis** is also revived, via tana leaves, and again carries his princess off. He is destroyed among some old abandoned ruins, which finally ends his career.

## LUGOSI'S FIRST... AND LAST

In answer to the requests of **Mark Docker**, of **Coventry**, **Bela Lugosi's** first film was **The Leopard** (1917), made in Hungary, and the last one released was **Plan 9 from Outer Space** in 1959, some three years after the film was made. Before he died, on August 16, 1956, **Lugosi** had 95 films to his credit. He appeared in the serials: **The Whispering Shadow** (1933), **The Return of Chandu** (1934), **Shadow of Chinatown** (1936), **S.O.S. Coastguard** (1937) and **The Phantom Creeps** (1939).

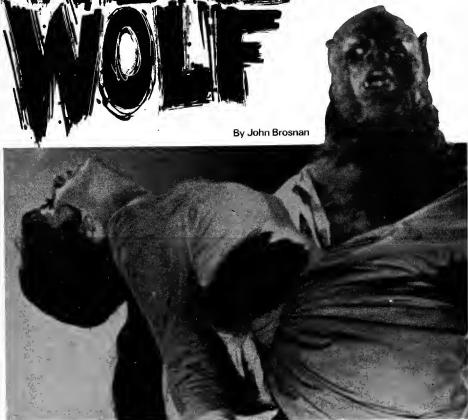
# CURSE OF THE

# WERE WOLF

By John Brosnan

**B**Y 1960 Hammer Films had re-made most of the old horror classics: *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, *The Mummy*, *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* etc. so it was natural to expect that it would soon be the turn of *The Wolfman*. Hammer's version, called *The Curse of the Werewolf*, was based on Guy Endore's novel *The Werewolf of Paris*, unlike Universal's 1941 production which had starred Lon Chaney Jr.

The script was written by John Elder, this being a pseudonym of Anthony Hinds—the man who produced many of Hammer's most successful films until his retirement several years ago. Hinds had started with the company as bookend clerk when it was still known as Exclusive Films but very quickly worked his way up to the position of producer and with the formation of Hammer Films he joined with Michael Carreras in creating one of the most stream-lined successful film companies in the world.



*The classic, though confusing, shot of an adult Lena (Oliver Reed) holding his mother (Yvonne Romain) in his arms... even though in the film she dies giving birth to him!*

Curse of the Werewolf was directed by Terence Fisher. Fisher had directed most of Hammer's other Gothic successes, including *The Curse of Frankenstein* and *Dracula* but he has a special fondness for *Werewolf*. "I like it because of the tremendous inter-relationship between the characters, between Reed and the girl," he said. "After all, anyone can turn into a werewolf, can't they? But it was his situation that made it exciting. The horror of him knowing that it was going to happen to him but that he couldn't do anything about it... and the conflict between this knowledge he possessed and his love for the girl. An audience, I believe, will respond to this because they can understand the emotional pull between people much more than the fact of someone turning into a werewolf. Of course Oliver Reed was very good as the werewolf. In my opinion he's never done anything better."

I doubt if Reed, who has since starred in such films as *Tomb Raider* and *The Devils*, would agree with that last remark but others might (with Reed being one of those actors who falls into the "love him or hate him" category). He was only 22 at the time of *Werewolf* and it marked his first starring role though previously he had a number of small parts in such films as *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* and *Sword of Sherwood Forest*.

Before that Oliver Reed had worked as a hounser in a Mayfair night club and had also been, very briefly, a professional boxer. He then worked for six months as a hospital porter before being called up for National Service. "I wanted to be a paratrooper," said Reed, "but they stuck me in the Medical Corps because I had worked in a hospital." Once his army days were over he decided to become an actor though he had had no previous experience. At first he got nowhere but then came a lucky break—he was chosen for a major role in a BBC TV serial. To his credit he never took advantage of the fact that he was the nephew of Sir Carol Reed, the famous British director, but obviously he never doubted his ability to succeed by himself. "I want to go to Hollywood and be a teenage idol," he told an interviewer during the making of *Werewolf*, "I want to make films for



Once more, *Werewolf* Reed and mother Roman, in a confusing publicity shot.

teenagers. I want screaming fans to tear the clothes off me." And Terence Fisher said of him at the time: "Not since Valentino have I known such a personality produce such an instantaneous and devastating effect! I am certain that within the next two years Oliver Reed will be one of the biggest names in the business." Well, it took a little longer than that but he made it eventually.

Also in the film was Richard Wordsworth who had performed so memorably as the monster in *The Quatermass Experiment*. In *Werewolf* he played the mad hagger who attacked the servant girl and thus fathered the werewolf. In the original script it was obvious that the beggar was also a werewolf but the censor insisted that all such references be removed, telling Hammer that they must not combine sex with the supernatural. "Just before shooting began," said Wordsworth, "I had come to get fitted with fangs but nobody at the studio seemed to know anything about them. Finally I found someone who did and he told me: 'No fangs. The censor says no fangs. You can't have fangs and have relations with the girl as well.'"

Well, the character played by Oliver Reed had to be "horny" so they obviously chose relations with the girl. We were just about to start the scene where I attack the girl when Terence Fisher turned to the property man and said 'Have you got the white of egg?' I asked him: 'Er, what's this white of egg for?' 'Oh, this is something we always do,' he said, 'You have a mouthful of egg white and when you see the girl just slobber a little of it. But keep it tasteful.'"

In charge of the make-up on the film was Roy Ashton (see the interview with Ashton in *House of Hammer* issue 2) and he succeeded in creating the best wolf man so far seen on

the screen, but the make-up caused Reed a few problems. "No one would sit next to me in the studio canteen," he complained. "Even the waitresses used to eye me strangely and keep at a distance. I'm not surprised. I was scared myself when I saw the rush shots with blood trickling from my mouth and down my clothes and my nostrils plugged up to make them enlarged, and my face made up in a terrifying fashion. I looked a gory mess."

So as not to disturb the delicate make-up, Reed was unable to eat any food during several days of shooting so he was obliged to drink five bottles of milk a day through a straw. That must have been the hardest task of all for Mr Reed.

#### The Curse of the Werewolf (1960)

##### A Hammer Films Production

Oliver Reed (Leon); Clifford Evans (Don Alfredo Carido); Hira Talfrey (Teresa); Catherine Feller (Cristina); Yvonne Romain (Servant Girl); Anthony Dawson (Marques); Richard Wordsworth (Beggar); Warren Mitchell (Pepe Valiente); George Woodbridge (Dominique); John Gabriel (Priest); Ewen Solon (Don Enrique); Michael Ripper (Old Souker); Sheila Brennan (Vera).

Director: Terence Fisher; Producers: Anthony Hinds; Associate Producers: Anthony Nelson-Keys; Production Designer: Bernard Robinson; Art Director: Thomas Goswell; Director of Photography: Arthur Grant; Music: Benjamin Frankel; Make-up: Roy Ashton; Special Effects: Les Bowie; Executive Producer: Michael Carreras; Script: John Elder (from the novel *The Werewolf of Paris* by Guy Endore).

Certificate X

88 mins.



Young, handsome and broody, Oliver Reed in 1960.



# SATAN'S SLAVE

Recently, Brent-Walker Film Distributors have acquired lots of inexpensive (often dubbed) contemporary horror films. The latest of them resurrects the Camilla Karnstein character once more (or someone closely resembling her), and stars horror veteran Michael Gough.

Accompanied by her parents, Malcolm and Elizabeth, pretty 19-year-old Catherine Yorke is on her way to spend a few days at her Uncle Alexander's isolated country mansion. She is quite unaware that Alexander's son Stephen is a psychopathic killer who has recently murdered a young American tourist, by crushing her head in a heavy oak door and then stabbing her.

As Malcolm drives through the gates of Alexander's house, something makes him lose control of the car, which crashes into a tree. Catherine falls free and is running to the house for help when the car explodes. The distraught girl is helped into the house by Alexander, his strange young secretary Frances, and Stephen.

## A Witch Shall Be Re-Born

The next day Catherine, almost reconciled to the tragedy of her parents' deaths, allows Stephen to take her for a walk in the grounds. She is surprised to learn that the house, which she never knew existed, has been in the Yorke family for many hundreds of years. As she reaches a withered tree stump in a clearing, she becomes transfixed by her surroundings and seems to see a vision of herself burning to death. She later accepts Stephen's assurance that she is suffering from delayed shock.

After the funeral of her parents, who are buried in the family plot, Catherine, is again affected by her surroundings and finds herself drawn towards a hidden gravestone inscribed "Camilla Yorke". Alexander tells her that Camilla was burnt as a witch in 1753. He then learns that Catherine's 20th birthday is imminent and tells her to invite her boyfriend John to the house for a celebration. But someone is



Stephen Yorke (Martin Potter) finally gets his come-uppance in a somewhat grisly fashion.

determined that John should be kept away from Catherine and a black magic ritual suddenly sends John hurtling to his death from the roof of a block of flats.

At the moment of John's death, Catherine becomes so disturbed that she has to be sedated. Quickly, she falls into a delirious sleep and is haunted by dreams of herself on a Satanic altar, a sacrifice surrounded by robed, hooded figures.

### Satanic Mass

The next morning, feeling the mansion to be a house of evil, Catherine is eager to leave. But when she tries, she discovers that Stephen and Alexander have no intention of letting her escape, but are keeping her there for a horrifying purpose. They plan to use Catherine's body to reincarnate Camilla.

Now completely rejected by Stephen, Frances tries to help Catherine escape. But Stephen overhears the two girls plotting and murders Frances in a grisly fashion.

Discovering Frances' body, Catherine is knocked unconscious by Stephen and comes round to find herself locked in her room. Suddenly Alexander and Stephen enter and drag Catherine outside to the withered tree stump for the reincarnation ceremony. But Catherine manages to escape by stabbing Stephen with a nail file.

Pursued by members of Alexander's coven, Catherine runs towards the gates of the house and then recoils in disbelief as she stumbles into her



Frances (Barbara Kellerman) is left hanging on the back of the door, pinned there by her murderer, Stephen Yorke.



By a withered stump in a forest clearing, the group of Satanists begin preparations for their ritual.

father. He convinces her that she was stunned in the car crash and that everything she has experienced since has been a dream. Catherine finally accepts this and is taken back to the house, where a concerned Alexander insists that Catherine telephone John to let him know that she is coming home. As Catherine goes to do this she discovers the dead body of Stephen. She runs panic-stricken to the door but finds her way blocked by her father, now wearing Satanic robes. Catherine screams in terror as the other members of the coven move towards her...

ALEXANDER YORKE (MICHAEL GOUGH); STEPHEN YORKE (MARTIN POTTER); CATHERINE YORKE (CANDACE GLENNENING); FRANCES (BARBARA KELLERMANN); JOHN (MICHAEL CRAZE); JANICE (GLORIA WALKER); MALCOLM (JAMES BREE); ELIZABETH (CELIA HEWITT).

Directed by Norman J. Warren; Produced by Les Young & Richard Crafer; Screenplay by David McGillivray; Music by John Scott; Released by Brent-Walker Film Distributors. Time: 86 min. Cert. X.

# STALKERS in the MOONLIGHT

WEREWOLVES IN  
FACT AND FILM



Rounding off our special Werewolf issue, Steve Moore takes a look at the history of the wolfman in the cinema, and the legend of the werewolf passed down through the generations since 400 B.C.

**S**napping, rending, tearing... ripping flesh, crunching bones and drinking blood. Then, having satisfied its hideous appetite, the great grey wolf raises its head, drool oozing over its jaw, bays briefly at the moon, and bounds off into the forest, racing back to that lonely wood-cutter's cottage where, in another form, he has a wife and four children to support. Next day, a passer-by discovers the mangled remains of a plump young maiden, and the whispers start... the werewolf is abroad once more....

Of course, it's never like that in the movies.... There's a limit to what you can get away with in full colour and twenty-foot high close up! Just for once, it seems, the cinema industry has toned things down rather than sensationalised them when dealing with the gruesome legend of the werewolf.

So before turning our attention to the cinema version of the man-eating man-wolf, let's take a look at what's behind it. Werewolf legends are extremely ancient, and the psychologists would say that they reflect man's inner conflicts between his civilised self, and that part of him which is still animal. But for centuries werewolves were believed to be real, and still are in

some places.

Probably the earliest written mention we have of them comes from Herodotus, the Greek historian and traveller, who lived in the fifth century B.C. According to him, the Neuri, a tribe living in Rumania and southern Russia, changed into wolves once a year for several days, and then returned to their normal selves. Several other classical Greek and Roman writers mention werewolves, but on the whole these transformations did not usually result in any great bloodshed... indeed, it was thought that a werewolf would be cured if it abstained from human flesh for a period, usually nine or ten years, and would then regain human form. But during that period, it remained a wolf all the time, with no transformations in between.

### Werewolf Legends

But it is in Europe, in the Middle Ages, that we find the werewolf in its more usual form... although the legends differ so widely in detail that it's difficult to decide just what that usual form is! The main geographical location is certain though: more werewolf tales come from France than anywhere else in Europe. Transylvania and its environs, which you might expect to be



*Above: John Haward as the 1942 Fox Pictures werewolf who terrorises a small English village in **The Hammond Mystery** (US: **The Undying Monster**).*



*I Married A Werewolf (1961) is a somewhat silly Italian-Austrian co-production, with a wolfman loose in a girls' corrective school. (US: **Werewolf in A Girls' Dormitory**).*

awasm with the beasts, produces only an average crop...

The methods of becoming a werewolf are many and varied, depending on the time and place. Sometimes the power can be obtained by black magic, sometimes it is given as a curse. Certain flowers, unknown to science, are also said to bring about the change when touched, or eaten. Again, there are tales of brooks whose water, once drunk, does the trick. Occasionally werewolfery is hereditary, and in rare cases it is passed on by the bite of another werewolf. But often there is no explanation... tales merely state that so-and-so could turn himself into a wolf, and leave it at that. Usually the transformation is complete... to a normal-looking wolf... the werewolf portrayed in films, a man with teeth, hair and claws, rarely turns up in the old tales.

As for the disposal of werewolves, exorcism has been tried, but apparently this rarely works. Yet if you want to kill a werewolf, almost anything will do, it seems. The idea that a silver bullet must be used, so popular in film and fiction, does not seem to have much basis in legend... ordinary bullets, swords, and especially burning the man-wolf at the stake... all work just as well.

### Are They Real?

The question is, are werewolves real? And the answer to that rather depends on your definition of *real*. Few people would be inclined to take the old legends at face-value and, perhaps fortunately, no one has come forward recently to demonstrate the art of transformation for scientific study.

On the other hand, there is a form of madness, known as Lycanthropy, in which the sufferer believes himself to have been turned into a wolf, and acts accordingly, murdering, tearing out his victim's throat with his teeth, and indulging in blood-drinking and cannibalism... if he's allowed to get that far it's a rare condition, perhaps even more so in this century, but it would seem to lie at the root of most of the famous werewolf cases in sixteenth and seventeenth century France.

Such at least seems to be the case with Jean Grenier, brought before the courts in 1603 at the age of 13. Grenier looked the part, being an olive-skinned mental deficient with deformed, protruding teeth and long matted hair that fell to his shoulders, and took great delight in boasting of his wolfish exploits to a thrilled group of local peasant girls (they

were in danger of being thrilled to death!). According to him, he had been given a wolf skin by a 'black man' whom he called the 'Master of the Forest', which when he put on, enabled him to turn into a wolf and lope through the forest. Several children had been killed in the area, and when brought to trial, Grenier admitted... rather, he boasted with great relish... that he had been responsible. There seems no doubt that Grenier actually believed he was a werewolf. The court, however, took an exceedingly enlightened view for the times. They decided he was insane, and their sentence was even more enlightened. Instead of the usual death penalty, they sentenced him to life imprisonment in a monastery, where he died at the age of twenty.

If it seems unlikely that werewolves are physically real, there is one other possibility... that of apparitions in the form of werewolves. Whether you believe in ghosts as spirits of the dead or not, it does seem certain that people do actually see something on occasion, and amongst the things seen are werewolves in their humanoid form. There

keeping quiet about what became of the stone heads, so what happened to the associated werewolf we have no further idea....

If the case for werewolves in real life seems inconclusive, in the cinema they're alive and well, although they haven't proved quite as popular as some other film-fiends, like vampires. But there has been a steady output of werewolf films over the last sixty years or so....

First in the field was *The Werewolf*, a silent picture made in 1913. Directed by Henry McRae, it was set among the North American Indians and featured a Navaho version of the werewolf legend. A vengeful Indian girl comes back from the dead to attack the reincarnation of a man who did her wrong a hundred years previously. To do this she takes on the form of a werewolf. In this version, the transformation is unusual... the girl takes on real wolf form, rather than the standard man-wolf (or woman-wolf). Female werewolves are rare in film, though quite common in legend... Things really started to get



**Cry Of The Werewolf (1944).** Poor attempt to capture Val Lewton variety of suspense.

was a case which was given some coverage on television not so long ago in which two ancient Celtic carved stone heads were dug up in the north of England. After that, wherever the heads went, a six-foot high black apparition would appear, with fur-covered man-like legs and a wolf-like upper body. It was sufficiently terrifying for a professional archaeologist to go on television and admit to having seen it (and for professional scientists to admit such things is rare, to say the least!). But everyone concerned is now

moving in 1935, when Universal Pictures, in the middle of a run of horror films that included the classic *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* films, decided to make *Werewolf of London*, starring Henry Hull in the title role, and with Stuart Walker directing. Wilfred Glendon (Henry Hull) an English botanist, goes to Tibet to search for a rare flower that blooms by moonlight, and which is believed to be the cure for 'werewolfism'. He finds it, but while there is attacked by a mysterious creature, and bitten. He survives and returns to London, but at the



**Frankenstein Meets T**  
**Lon Chaney Jr as s**

next full moon turns into a werewolf. (The phases of the moon, so well established in film lore, seem to have little part in the original legends.) He is contacted by a mysterious Oriental, Yogami, who informs him that having survived the bite of a werewolf, he will become one too, and it soon becomes apparent that Yogami was responsible for the original attack. Meanwhile, London is ravaged by a series of brutal murders, and it becomes clear that two werewolves are responsible... Glendon and Yogami. In the end, it comes to a showdown as the two werewolves struggle for possession of the curing flower, which Glendon wins. But before he can use it, he attacks his wife, and during the struggle is shot by the police. Dying, he reverts to his normal human form.

It was a rather slow, rambling film, and by modern standards the special effects left much to be desired. The transformation sequences were crude... Hull would walk behind a tree, the camera would be stopped, and when he walked into view again, he would be somewhat hairier... another tree, hairier still, and so on. Make-up was light, especially compared with later films, and Hull's face remained more than half human... although this did give him a longer, and comparatively more wolf-like face.

### The Wolf Man

The most famous screen werewolf of them all was Lawrence Stewart Talbot, played by Lon Chaney, in the personal opinion of this writer, it's hard to see why the public should have





... (1943, Universal).  
werewolf Larry Talbot.

Man, made by Universal in 1941, and directed by George Waggoner.

Talbot returns to his father's castle after a long absence, and renews his acquaintance with his childhood sweetheart, Gwen, whose family owns the local gift-shop. There a cane attracts his attention... a cane embossed with a silver wolf's head and a pentagram... the sign of the beast. Talbot doesn't believe in such nonsense, and buys the cane. That night he, Gwen and another girl Jenny, go to visit a gypsy carnival which has just arrived in the locality. Jenny is attacked by the fortune teller (played by Bela Lugosi) who transforms himself into a werewolf. Talbot rushes in just in time to save her, and beats the werewolf to death with his silver cane... but in the process he is bitten.

Talbot is under suspicion of murder, as his cane was found near the scene of the crime. His story of defending Jenny is accepted, but the local police think the werewolf part is mere delusion. Talbot would be inclined to think so too, were it not for the faint



1943 publicity shot of Chaney Jr. and friend as werewolf Larry Talbot and friend.

found Chaney's portrayal so fascinating, but nonetheless he developed the character in a series of films to the point where it was almost on the same standing as Dracula and Frankenstein's monster. The first of these films was *The Wolf*

pentagram that appears on his chest. The fortune teller's aged mother obligingly tells him that her son had been a werewolf, and that now, having been bitten, Talbot will become one too, when the moon is full. Another murder in the area

seems to show she was right; though Talbot has no memory of committing the dastardly deed. But when Talbot's father leads the hunt for the murderer the following night, Talbot, left behind in the castle, changes again and looses off into the



The masterful work of Jack Pierce. Shown here in *Werewolf Of London*.

As an interesting "cheat" comparison, take a look back at the portrait we're running of Henry Hull/*Werewolf of London* on page 26, and compare it with the supposedly same picture left.

You'll notice the Universal publicity department, perhaps feeling Hull didn't look savage enough, re-touched the print, adding dripping blood, extra facial hair, and deeper scowl. This print was then used to publicise the film, in cinemas and newspapers.



*Somewhat more than slightly inspired by Hammer, Tyburn's David Rintoul in the 1975 Legend of the Werewolf.*

forest, toward the gypsy encampment. There Gwen is looking for him, and they meet, though hardly under ideal circumstances! As Talbot, unrecognisable in wolf-form, is attacking her, his father races to smash his skull in with the silver-headed cane. The werewolf reverts, before his horrified gaze, to his son Larry...

Chaney spent five hours a day in the make-up chair, having yak-hairs glued to his face, and the net result was probably the most completely non-human portrayal of them all. Unfortunately, it wasn't particularly wolf-like either. Chaney's face was such a mass of hair that he ended up looking more like a cuddly teddy-bear than a werewolf. Still, the film as a whole was successful...Universal's biggest seller of the year, and the sequels were inevitable.

### And Then...

The first of these was *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Men*, directed in 1943 by Roy William Neill, and starring Cheney again, with Bale Lugosi as Frankenstein's monster. Talbot is revived when grave-robbers remove the wolf-bone from his coffin, and the light of the full moon shines on his corpse. Realising that he is thus virtually unkillable, and cursed to be a werewolf for all time, he makes his way to Vassire where he asks Doctor Frankenstein to help discover

the secret of death, and release him. It doesn't work of course, and after a pitched battle with the monster, he falls into the sea and is apparently drowned.

The following year he was back in *House of Frankenstein*, a rather messy picture directed by Erle C. Kenton, which matched the Frankenstein monster with both the Wolf Man and Dracula. Talbot had been found frozen in a block of ice which somehow turned up under the castle, and when thawed out, was freed to commit more acts of mayhem. This time he's finished off with a silver bullet...

But he was back again in 1945 in *House of Dracula*, again directed by Kenton, and again featuring Universal's three big horror draws. This time there was no explanation of how Talbot had been revived...we merely see him first in jail...and unusually, at the end of the film he is surgically cured. It didn't last long though, because he was back in 1948 for Abbott and Costello meet Frankenstein, which, as you can imagine, was an outright comedy, directed by Charles Barton.

There were one or two other werewolf pictures in the forties, such as *Cry of the Werewolf* (1944) directed by Henry Levin, and *She-Wolf of London* (1946) directed by Jean Yvonne. But the genre was generally in decline. *The Werewolf* (1956) directed by Fred F. Sears, didn't do much to help revive it, being set in the

present day, the transformation being the result of the evils of science. Next, and perhaps here things reached their lowest ebb, came *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* (1957) directed by Gene M. Fowler Jr., part of a series of 'Teenage' horror movies.

By this time, the pendulum was swinging away from the States and Britain was establishing itself as the leading centre for fantasy film production; a trend led by Hammer films. Their contribution to the genre was *Curse of the Werewolf* (1961) directed by Terence Fisher. Based on the classic novel 'The Werewolf of Paris' by Guy Endore, it remains the best handled werewolf picture to date, as this issue's comic strip adaptation reveals...

Despite this shining example, some very minor pictures still came along. *Werewolf in a Girl's Dormitory* (1961), known in England as *I Married a Werewolf* and directed by

Richard Benson, was a straightforward story of a series of murders in a school, while *Werewolves on Wheels* (1973) directed by Michael LeVesque, combined Hell's Angels with Satanists. The devil-worshippers turned the bikers into real beasts...

Recently, there has been something of a revival in werewolf pictures. There were two Spanish pictures, both directed by Leon Klimovsky in 1971, but released here much later and in the wrong order! The first of these was *Doctor Jekyll and the Werewolf*, starring Paul Naschy. A young married couple leave for their honeymoon in Transylvania, where the husband is murdered by thieves. The girl is rescued by Waldemar, who turns out to be a good werewolf! Despite his curse, he manages to keep his hands off the girl, and she takes him to London to meet her friend Doctor Jekyll, who may be able to cure him. Jekyll has now developed an antidote to his 'Mr Hyde' formula. The Hyde formula is injected into Waldemar, with the idea that the two 'demons' will war with one another, and the Hyde aspect can then be cured by the antidote. The attempt works temporarily, but finally Waldemar attacks his new girlfriend as a werewolf, and with her dying effort, she fills him full of silver bullets.

In the second film, *Shadow of the Werewolf*, made by the same team, Waldemar is back, revived by a doctor who removed the silver bullets from his heart. This film rather uncomfortably combined both werewolves and vampires. Two girl students, seeking the grave of a vampire countess, come across Waldemar, now living as a recluse, and he is also interested in the grave, for he believes that the silver cross with which the countess was impaled can cure his complaint. In the end it comes down to a battle between Waldemar and the countess, which the



*The reverse of the norm. Lugosi as a wolf into man (middle) faces Laughton in the 1932 classic *Island of Lost Souls*. (This film currently being remade starring Burt Lancaster and Michael York.)*



*With Roy Ashton's makeup, you'd never recognise Oliver Reed in the 1961 Hammer Curse of The Werewolf.*

werewolf wins... only to be 'cured' by having the cross driven into his heart...

**The Boy who Cried Werewolf** (1973), directed by Nathan Juran, was a modern-day picture produced in the States. As you can imagine from the title, this one was about a boy who knows that his father has become a werewolf after being bitten, but no one will believe him, least of all his father, who is unaware of the transformations, until it is too late. Finally, the werewolf goes on a rampage, and is hunted down by a posse of local townsfolk, aided by a nearby group of Jesus Freaks. Finally, it's the Jesus Freaks who win out, and the werewolf is impaled on a cross... but not before he's managed to bite his son...

Latest in the field in the British **Legend of the Werewolf**, made in 1974, but not released until '75. Directed by Freddie Francis, it was helped greatly by the presence of Peter Cushing, and set in 19th century France.

#### **Tyburn Wolfman**

A wild boy, raised by wolves, is found by a travelling showman, who brings him up into a normal seeming adult. But the full moon arouses his wolfish tendencies, and after murdering the showman's assistant, he runs off to Paris, where he gets a job in a zoo, because of his natural affinity with animals. There he falls in love with a girl who, unknown to him, is a prostitute. When he discovers her line of business, he starts murdering her clients, in the form of a werewolf. Peter Cushing, as a police pathologist, leads the hunt for the werewolf, which finally leads to a confrontation in the Paris sewers, resolved with the usual silver bullets...

Whether this recent revival of werewolf pictures will last or not is difficult to say. About the only upcoming film on the horizon at the moment is **The Werewolf of Washington**, reviewed in *Hot 3* and not widely released here. This one's a spoof, and the target, rather than werewolves, is the much-publicised skulduggery in Washington politics. But that seems to be all at the moment...

Werewolf pictures have been far fewer than other forms of horror film, and they seem to appear irregularly, like collector's items among the more run-of-the-mill stuff. Let's hope that future offerings will be worthy of us horror-connoisseurs

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